

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S

February 1, 1951

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I Live With Six Women

NEHRU, ASIA'S TROUBLED GIANT

Blair Fraser reports from India





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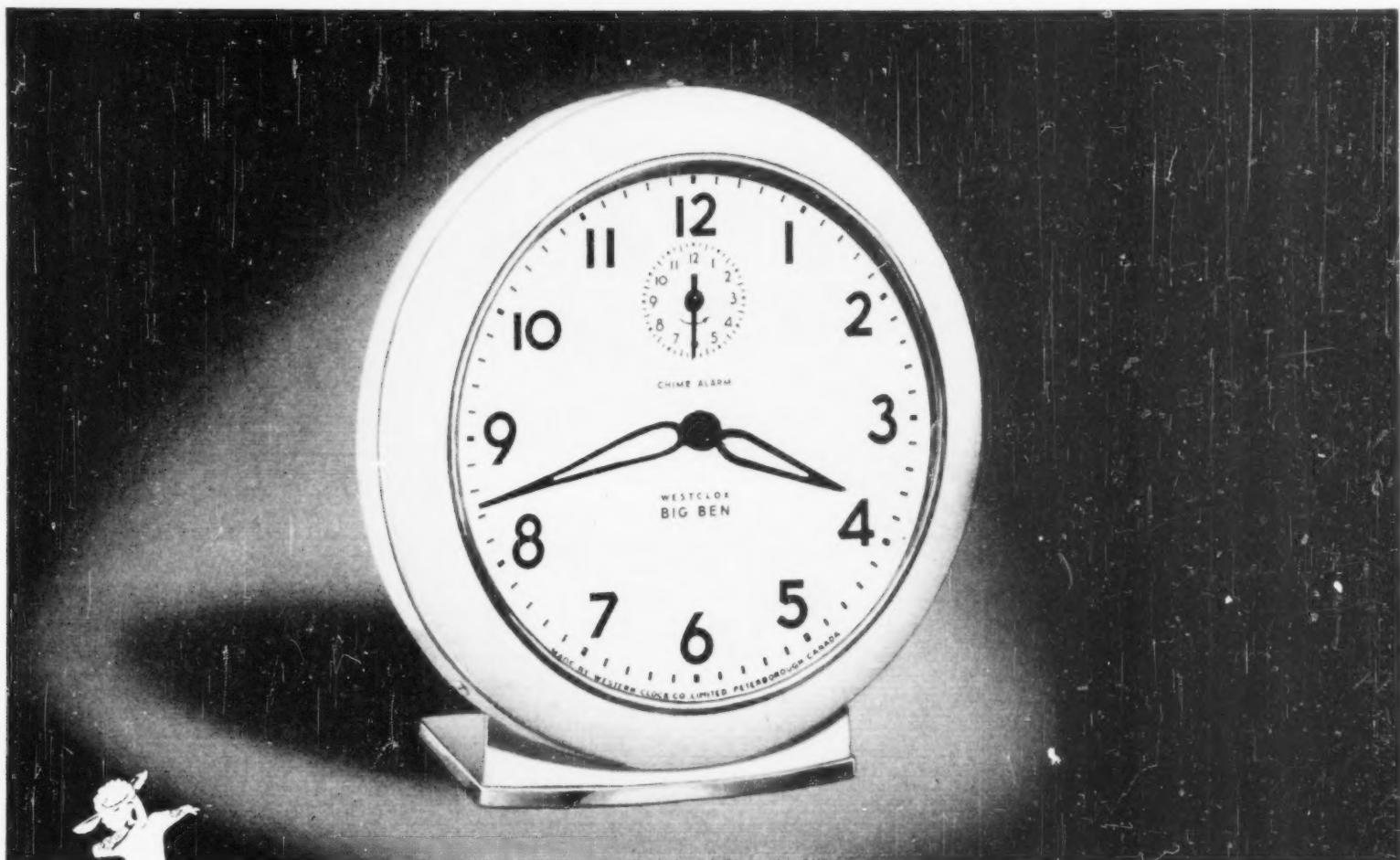
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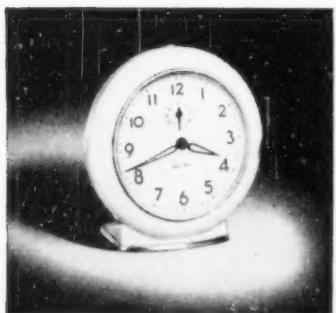


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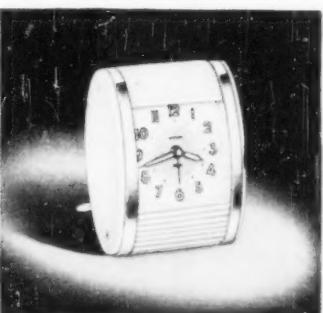


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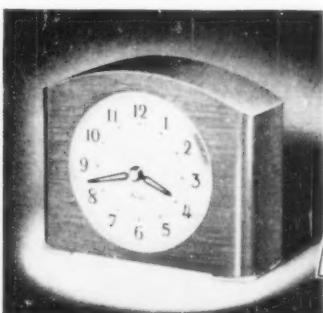
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EDITORIAL**IN DEFENSE
OF AN UNCLE**

IT'S THE world's worst-kept diplomatic secret that the nations committed to U. S. leadership in the fight against Communism are not altogether enthusiastic about the kind of leadership they've been getting. They have been quick to criticize that leadership, slow to follow it and slower still to offer any effective substitute for it.

This is inevitable. On our side there's no Cominform to speak for all, with none daring to dissent. On our side it is recognized, rightly, that a near-monopoly of strength does not necessarily confer a near-monopoly of wisdom. It is on that good principle that our strategic goal has been clouded by a grave series of disagreements on tactics—disagreements on Formosa, on the 38th parallel, on the recognition of Red China, on the rearmament of Germany, on the protocol of using an atomic bomb.

We believe it would be absurd and dangerous if nations like Canada, Great Britain, France and India allowed their international policies to be determined by a nation whose own policies are often determined by the unhealthiest and most cynical influences in U. S. party politics. The existence of disagreement is not in itself a cause for pessimism. But the method and spirit of disagreeing have become, next to Communism itself, the most serious peril the democracies face.

One side of the peril is that, in questioning U. S. methods its allies do so with such vehemence that they seem to question U. S. motives. Another side is that, in trying to prevail on the United States to prosecute the struggle with caution its allies may persuade the United States that they have no real heart for the struggle. As he leads them to the breastworks, the voice of Uncle Sam's allies has begun to sound in his ringing ears like the voice of a timid schizophrenic. "*Get in there and knock the stuffing out of him,*" the voice seems to say. "*But be careful not to make him mad.*"

Already grudgingly patronized by some of its allies for the sacrifices of the Marshall Plan, second-guessed by others for the sacrifices of Korea, roundly denounced by some for what were at worst the honest and still unproved mistakes of China—already, the United States has begun to look again upon the beguilements of isolationism.

This is a dismaying thing. But is it so strange a thing? Staunch advice is sometimes a useful weapon to carry into a slit trench, but staunch comrades are much more useful.

The plain, accusing fact is that in the slit trenches of power politics, as in the slit trenches of Korea, Uncle Sam's allies have been much readier with advice than with material help.

The accusation is one which Canada cannot avoid. In economic and military terms Canada is still prosecuting the fight against Communism with a good deal less than a whole heart. In political terms our effort is much the same; we appear to believe that by challenging the enemy with good, true words we may somehow avoid the necessity of challenging him with our wealth and our strength.

In facing the challenge it is well that we should look long and carefully at the leadership we are getting. It would be well if we asked ourselves whether the spirit and dimensions of our own effort are everything they should be.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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LONDON LETTER by Beverley Baxter



With heroism and humor they'd answer the call again.

Britain's 30-Year Revolution

IN A few hours the good ship Empress of France will be berthing at Saint John, New Brunswick. We have tossed and rolled our way across the wintry North Atlantic and now we must say good-by and scatter to the four points of the compass.

Thirty years ago I sailed from this same port, in the same month and in much the same weather, fortified with what was left of my Army gratuity plus a telegram from Lord Beaverbrook which read: "Come at your own risk." When the ship at that time reached the open sea I watched the coast line gradually fade and felt that conflict of emotions which all men experience when they leave their own country for the unknown adventure of another.

Today I suggest we look back over those 30 years and try to understand what has happened in Great Britain during that period. That it has been a fateful epoch no one can deny. Perhaps if we study it with the detachment that can only come with the passing of the years we may even discern the dim shape of things to come.

Britain was an exciting and disturbing country in 1920. There were former Air Force men playing as bands in the streets, wounded soldiers who were practically beggars, strikes and more strikes as the cost of living mounted. No one seemed to realize that not only had a generation died in the trenches but an era as well. In politics, in social life, and even in the church, there seemed to be only one cry: "Back to things as they were!"

Lloyd George's coalition government was still in power but his gorgeous birds of paradise on the ministerial front bench were beginning to moult. The spacious days of politics were over but no one

seemed to be aware of it. An unknown Conservative back-bencher named Stanley Baldwin shook his head and almost decided to retire from politics. An ex-officer named Clement Attlee was spending all his spare time in the East End of London helping the poor and the destitute.

A mad Canadian named Beaverbrook was trying to persuade the British public to read two papers called the Daily Express and the Sunday Express but the mighty Lord Northcliffe, owner of the Daily Mail and The Times, looked down like the Spanish admiral on Sir Richard Grenville and laughed. "You and your amateurs will be ruined," said Northcliffe.

It was a period of heartbreak for the unfortunate and of vibrant opportunity to the daring. A young man named Morris was mending bicycles in a shop at Oxford but he was dreaming of a kingdom of cheap motor cars. Today as Lord Nuffield he sits back and gazes upon the kingdom he created. A Scottish barefoot boy named Harry McGowan made his way to London with big ideas in his head. He became the head of the vast Imperial Chemicals Corporation.

There was trouble in the mines, trouble on the farms, trouble in the factories. Men walked the streets looking for work and came home to share the tragedy with their wives. Sport was booming.

In the realm of letters we had the Victorian hang-over of Wells, Shaw, Bennett, Galsworthy, Maugham, Chesterton, Belloc and Barrie. Artistically it was a golden-sunset age.

But no nation lives unto itself alone. America, in her innocence of history, had declared that war debts were no different from commercial debts and must be repaid. One of my first

Continued on page 45

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA*No More Vinegar Budgets*

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

EVERYBODY'S looking forward to the new parliamentary session with foreboding—more controls, more taxes, more trouble. But if it's any comfort to you, the politicians are facing it even more apprehensively than you are. They may have to do some things they won't like.

There is increasing worry here about the manpower situation. Up to mid-December Ottawa had understood that Washington's ceiling for peacetime mobilization was 21½ million men, which is just about what they've got. That was supposed to be all a peacetime economy would stand. When President Truman announced a new target of 31½ million men in arms it meant the U. S. had stopped thinking in terms of a peacetime economy. This was the emergency approach.

If that's to be the pace of rearmament Canada's addition of one brigade group looks pretty puny. But to get more than one brigade—to repeat the exploit of last August when 10,000 men were recruited in less than a month—will take some doing. Service people frankly doubt that we can do it by purely voluntary methods in a time of full employment.

Congscription is a horrid word in politics, unlikely to be heard from any party for a while yet. National registration is not so bad and it's a necessary preliminary anyway to any sort of planned mobilization. Another step, more drastic but still not so bad, might be the direction of workers into certain key industries.

That in itself would probably stimulate recruiting. When it's

harder to go into the civilian job you prefer it's easier to go down to a recruiting office and sign up.

Material controls could have an effect here, too. If, for example, steel is diverted away from civilian building into war industries, some civilian building workers will be out of jobs. An unemployed man is far more likely to enlist than a man with steady work.

ON THE other hand we can be fairly sure of getting no more controls and no more taxes than are absolutely necessary.

Prime Minister St. Laurent, at a Press conference not long ago, was asked if Canada planned a wage-price control system. "We hope," he said, "that if the United States introduces an effective price and wage control we in Canada won't need one."

He could have said with equal force that unless American controls are complete and effective Canadian controls would be a waste of time. In World War II Canada could run her own price control because we were first in the war and first in the inflation spiral. This time American prices are ahead of us. To keep a ceiling on the price of U. S. goods in Canada (and there's a U. S. component in almost everything we buy) would be impossible. The subsidies it would take are astronomical.

Nobody is less anxious for price control than the men who administered it last time. They know, as most Canadians do not, how close they came to failure. They know they pulled out just in time, took down the dike. *Continued on page 46*



Ottawa hopes Washington's price-control system will work for us too.

Now...
use it
as an all-over lotion!

**Luxury Hand Lotion**

Use it freely, from head to toe. Makes your hands, your arms, your elbows, your whole body as soft as velvet. It leaves a subtle scent . . . yet leaves no trace of stickiness.

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4 oz. bottle 1.50 . . . 8 oz. bottle 2.50

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these smart new**

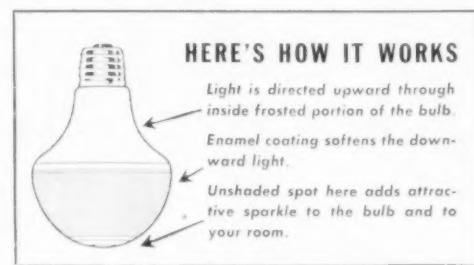
GENERAL ELECTRIC

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At last . . . something really different in decorative lighting . . . an entirely new kind of lamp bulb. These new G-E Lumi-bowl lamps "dress-up" both old ceiling fixtures and new — give a redecorated look to living room, dining room, bedrooms and halls. Fixtures look smarter — room and furnishings take on fresh charm.

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WATCH QUEBEC'S SMOKE!

Once apathetic toward its torrents of power
and avalanches of ore
Quebec now rides them high and handsome into
an industrial boom which may eventually threaten Ontario's
leadership. Here's our country's biggest untold story

By FRED BODSWORTH

LAST NOVEMBER a plane carrying Quebec pilgrims home from Rome crashed in the Alps. Fifty-eight people, including prominent clergy and laity from some 40 Quebec communities, were killed. In devout Quebec it was the biggest news story since VJ-Day. But it stayed in the front-page streamers of Quebec newspapers for only one day. Next day the Iron Ore Company of Canada announced plans for a \$200 million financing of the gigantic Quebec-Labrador iron development. That was the day, too, that French mountaineers brought down first details of the air tragedy, but in most Quebec newspapers the plane crash went to the bottom of page one and the iron ore story went up top.

A Montreal newspaperman commented: "When Quebec will read an industrial story before it reads about a tragedy that killed 10 priests, it's final proof that industry has assumed a new place in the thinking and lives of Quebec people."

Quebec, for three centuries indifferent and sometimes undisguisedly antagonistic to industrial expansion, has experienced a dramatic change of heart since the war and is now wooing industry with all the vigor and aggressiveness of a Don Juan sure at last he has found his true love. And the wooing is meeting phenomenal success. With more hydroelectric power than it knows what to do with, a sea route to its very heart, cheap labor and undeveloped ore bodies whose size no one really knows, Quebec is gathering industries into its lap as effortlessly as a sugar bowl gathers flies.

Starting during the war and speeding up greatly since, heavy industrialization in Quebec's St. Lawrence Valley has gone on largely unnoticed by the rest of Canada, and today this ranks perhaps as the country's





Little-known titanium promises more wealth and industry for Quebec which has the world's biggest deposit. New Sorel smelter will process it.

greatest untold news story. In Quebec they show you startling figures and unblushingly claim that the St. Lawrence Valley's industrial boom will do bigger things for Canada's future than even Alberta's oil.

Official government statistics, usually two to three years out of date before they see light, show little of the story yet, for many of Quebec's biggest industrial gains haven't had time to become statistics. At last report (1948) Ontario, the self-styled banner province, was still well out in front in the industrial race. It was responsible for 48% of Canada's total industrial production; Quebec was still a poor second with 31%. But Quebec is rapidly closing that gap.

Since 1939 the value of Quebec's manufacturing production has jumped by about four times—Ontario's by about three times. Between 1939 and 1947, according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, Quebec added 3,000 manufacturing establishments while Ontario added 2,000. In the past 10 years Quebec's mineral production has more than doubled while Ontario's has increased by about one third. Between August, 1947, and August, 1950, the number of persons employed in Quebec jumped 100,000; in Ontario about 65,000.

Electrical consumption graphically lights Quebec's industrialization story; kilowatts, not steam, are the bread and butter of Quebec's new machines. Quebec today is burning up more electricity per capita than any other part of the world. In 1949 it used 6,600 kilowatt hours per person. The runners-up were: Norway, 4,700; British Columbia, 3,320; Ontario, 2,770; Sweden, 2,320, and the U. S., 2,260. The big aluminum smelters of Arvida, 100 miles north of Quebec City, where 25% of the world's aluminum supply now originates, alone use more than 20 million kilowatt hours per day—more than all domestic and industrial consumption of Montreal and Toronto combined.

Quebec's gargantuan appetite for electric power has increased by about one billion kilowatt hours over the monthly average of 10 years ago—more than half the increase for all Canada. During the same period, power-short Ontario, by squeezing its own resources and buying heavily from Quebec, has increased its consumption 600 million kilowatt hours per month.

Quebec is now producing nine tenths of all Canadian tobacco products, three quarters of our cotton goods, two thirds of our women's clothing, silk products, boots and shoes, and more than half of Canada's men's clothing, railway rolling stock and pulp and paper. Canada's aluminum industry, second only to that in the U. S., is confined entirely to Quebec. Our asbestos production, more than 70% of world supply, is entirely Quebec's baby.

On the top floor of Montreal's Dominion Square building, rotund and shaggy-browed Valmore Gratton, Montreal's industrial commissioner for 15 years, leans happily across his big desk and says: "In 10 years 1,500 new manufacturing industries have been established in Montreal alone. In 10 years ships leaving Montreal with cargoes have increased from 2,000 to 5,000 per year. Construction figures show that Montreal is expanding faster than any other North American city except Houston, Texas—and Houston, in the middle of an oil boom, is just a jump ahead of us."

From Carpets to Girdles

"We expect that Montreal, with a population of $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions today, will be up to $2\frac{1}{4}$ millions in four years. In towns along the St. Lawrence the same thing is happening. Quebec province is becoming the Ruhr of Canada."

Gratton throws statistics at you by the hour to prove his points although he doesn't explain where jam-packed Montreal is going to find beds and lodging for that new three quarters of a million.

During the first six months of 1950 there was more than \$50 millions in new construction in Montreal. Other cities which came closest were Toronto (\$31 millions) and Edmonton and Vancouver (\$18 millions each). Montrealers like best to compare themselves with Toronto. Between 1945 and 1949 Montreal and suburbs burst their seams with a record \$668 millions worth of building (Toronto and suburbs: \$516 millions). Montreal's industrial spending on new plants and enlargements for old ones was close to double that for Toronto—\$121 millions compared with \$69 millions.

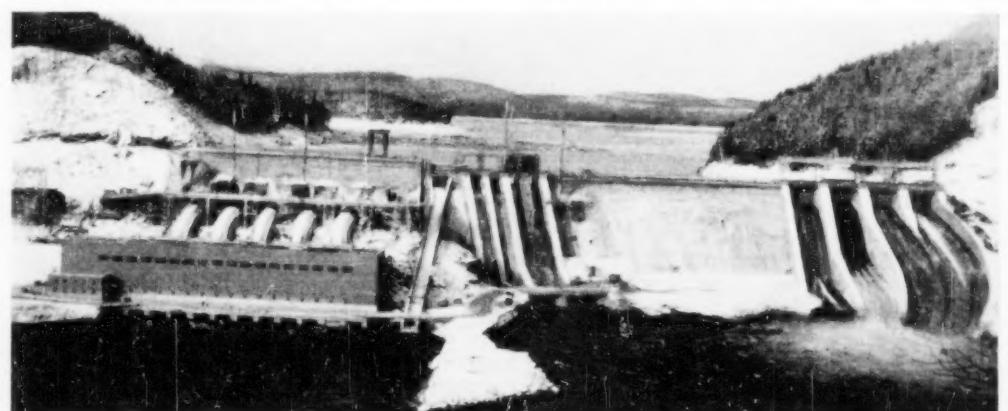
In Montreal recently I was shown a list of 41 U. S. firms which established branch plants in Quebec between 1946 and 1949, and 22 British firms which established there in the past year and a half. Their products span practically the whole range of 20th-century manufacturing.

A Rochester, N.Y., firm is producing fraudproof cheque machines in Montreal; a Branford, Conn., firm is turning out custom-fitted foundation garments at Waterloo; and a carpet-weaving firm from Kilmarnock, Scotland, recently moved bag, baggage and 20 Scottish-trained weaving instructors into Ste. Thérèse.

And when the U. S. Navy went shopping around last fall with a \$12 million order for anti-aircraft guns it was discovered the only plant in the world that could start production without extensive retooling was at Sorel, Que. Sorel got the order and 2,000 new jobs were created.

We can rewrite the geography books right now and stop calling Quebec the pastoral province for the industrial revolution and resultant rapid shift in population from rural to urban areas have caused agriculture to drop from Quebec's second most important industry in 1938 to its fourth today. Quebec's social and economic life is changing.

A few miles out of Montreal you might still find a spinning wheel clicking on a farm porch, but there might also be a combination radio and record player in the living room. In 1941 Quebec was the second lowest province in number of radios per 100 homes; today it's the highest. It is now second only to British Columbia in the percentage of homes with electrification. Since 1941 it has installed more telephones in its homes than any other province.



Cheap electric power from dams like the \$33 million Trenche development lures heavy industry.



it.

The story of Quebec's awakening is like the story of the boy who had no interest in girls until one day he kissed one. He's been wolfing ever since. Quebec's experience with industry has been the same.

Once the premier province, where in 1867 the confederation of Canada was conceived, Quebec lagged while more aggressive Ontario snapped up the industrial prizes of new Canada. Quebec boasted of its simple attachment to the soil and eyed Ontario disapprovingly as a province of panting money-grabbers. Ontario could have its cities of smoke-belching chimneys. Quebec would preserve its small towns and rural life, even its oxen and spinning wheels.

Now Trumps Are on the Table

But Quebec couldn't keep its industrial eggs unhatched forever. Came World War II and the cry for munitions, ships and planes. Quebec had Canada's biggest chunk of hydro-electric power, Canada's biggest concentration of well-equipped ocean harbors, its second largest labor force. Industry invaded Quebec and Quebec couldn't stop it. For two decades Quebec's anti-industrial feeling had been tottering. The war sent it toppling. Quebec awoke to the fact that in the industrialization scramble it held most of Canada's trump cards. VE-Day found Quebec determined to play its cards instead of hiding them under the table.

The story of Three Rivers, 95 miles below Montreal, is a pocket edition of the story of Quebec as a whole.

Ten years ago a U. S. synthetic rayon firm, covetously eyeing Three Rivers' cheap electric

power and seaport advantages, sought permission to establish a branch plant there. Three Rivers' staid and ultra-conservative city council said "No thanks." The city had enough industry. More factories would mean more smoke, an invasion of outsiders to fill new jobs, a housing problem and new costs for additional streets and services. The rayon firm finally established its new plant at Drummondville, 40 miles away.

Other industries were also shooed away from Three Rivers. New aluminum and chemical plants were refused Three Rivers sites and established at Shawinigan Falls, 20 miles up the rollicking, power-spawning St. Maurice from its triple-tongued mouth. Others had to go unwillingly to Montreal.

Five years ago a majority of Three Rivers' council was still anti-industry. Then the council saw that new administrative problems created by industrialization were peanuts compared with the pulsing prosperity, improved living and healthier, happier people which industry brought with it. Three Rivers pulled down its no trespassing sign and started courting industry.

In five years about 10 new industries have settled in Three Rivers. They include a huge plant producing bulbs and electrical appliances, others turning out abrasives, steel plate for tool manufacturers, aluminum foil, a wide array of textile goods, paper bags and a number of other paper products. More than 2,000 new jobs have been created. Permits for \$8 millions worth of new residential and industrial construction were issued in 1950 alone. The population of Three Rivers and its suburb Cap de la Madeleine (50,000 in 1941) is now 70,000.

Today Three Rivers isn't sitting back and

waiting for industrialists; it's stepping out and preaching its advantages wherever they will listen. The man who does the preaching is small, fast-moving Marcel Ouellet, the youngest (33) and, many say, most energetic industrial commissioner in Quebec. It's doubtful if there's another city in Canada as aggressive in its bid for new industry as Three Rivers, the town which five years ago had all the industries it wanted.

Salesmen With Cities to Sell

Ouellet, who left his farm home near the Maine border at 13 to support himself and wound up with a master of commerce degree from Université de Montréal 15 years later, says Quebec's attitude toward industrialization has changed so fast that even men like himself in the centre of it are amazed.

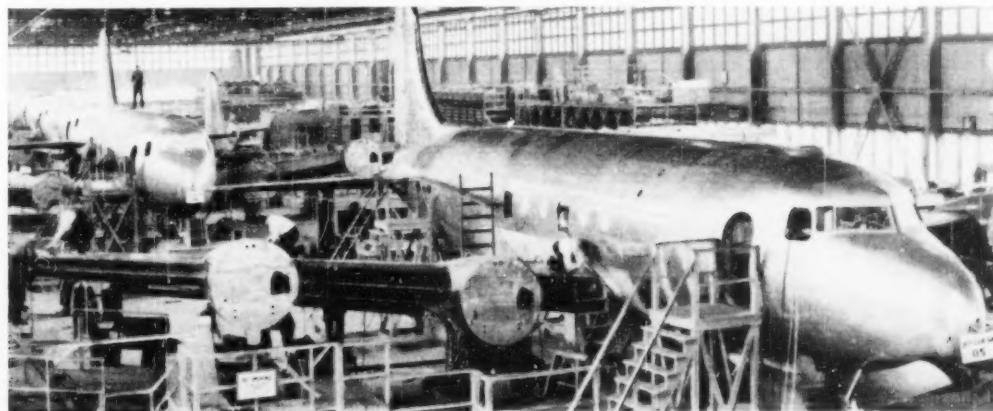
"Look at industrial commissioner appointments, for example," he says. "Every sizeable Ontario city has had a commissioner for years to meet industrialists and encourage industrial expansion in his city. But just one year ago there were only two cities in all Quebec which employed industrial commissioners. Montreal has had one for 15 years; Quebec City appointed one in 1945. In the past year seven Quebec towns have employed commissioners: Three Rivers, Sherbrooke, Drummondville, Sorel, Victoriaville, St. Hyacinthe and St. Jerome."

Officials of the Ontario Department of Planning and Development sometimes accuse Quebec of using undignified bargain-basement tactics in industrial promotion. One firm recently looked at Ontario for a branch site, then established in Granby, Que., after Granby had offered the first 15 horsepower of electricity free for the next 10 years. Other Quebec towns have snatched industries from Ontario by offering reduced tax rates or free factory sites.

Quebec City a few years ago was as indifferent to industry as Three Rivers. Old Quebec didn't care to run the risk of losing its historic charm under a forest of new factory chimneys. But today Quebec City has jumped on the industrialization bandwagon and is shouting its advantages just as lustily as its old-time tourist spiel. It's corralling its share of new industries, and Industrial Commissioner Armand Viau boasts that investments in new Quebec City plants have topped \$17 millions during the past three years alone.

New industries include a tile company from France, a tannery and leather plant from Czechoslovakia, several textile mills and a producer of wooden dishes from England.

Quebec is not merely providing profitable sites for branch plants. *Continued on page 47*



More manpower for assembly lines has sent population figures soaring in Quebec's cities.



The Supreme Chief Ranger, Lou Probst (right), who runs a \$140 million insurance business for the IOF, welcomes a new lodge member.

The Strangest Insurance Company in the World



Oronhyatekha's stunts and ideas won the IOF a booming prosperity.

Oronhyatekha was one smart Indian. He dressed up an old-fashioned burial society with card games, cake and coffee and built it into a rich insurance business in its own skyscraper. Now the IOF boasts \$50 millions in assets

By GERALD ANGLIN

ON THE northwest corner of Toronto's Bay and Richmond Streets stands a forgotten architectural sensation which houses a bronze Indian and a secret society that will sell you life insurance when you aren't looking.

The 12-story red brick and sandstone pile is the Temple building, which when completed in 1898 was the tallest office structure in the British Empire and boasted air conditioning and ice water on tap.

The secret society is the Independent Order of Foresters, whose origins reach back mistily to the days of Robin Hood. And the bronze Indian is a statue of the amazing man who built this premature skyscraper and turned the ancient IOF into a

big business operating on two continents. A plaque on the statue identifies him as Oronhyatekha, physician, graduate of Oxford and a full-blooded Mohawk born on the Six Nations reserve at Brantford, Ont.

The statue stands just inside the revolving doors of the Foresters' Temple and is something more than life size. Oronhyatekha himself always seemed larger than life. He stood 6 ft. 2 ins. and weighed 250 lbs. He had a round, copper-red face topped by wavy, un-Indianlike hair which in later years turned a distinguished white. As faithfully noted by the sculptor he invariably wore a frock coat and a small (white) bow tie; on the street he

carried a gold-headed cane and wore a large black sombrero encircled by a bright red cord. He had a soft, impelling voice which one English journalist who heard him debate said was "as smooth and incisive as a Damascus scimitar."

This was Oronhyatekha (*Oron-ya-tekka*), the Canadian Indian who became a protégé of Edward VII and stole a show from George V. This was the man who built a house for a wigwam, a castle for an orphanage and a fireproof temple as headquarters for the order to which he gave his life. This was Oronhyatekha, a Barnum let loose in the insurance business.

Still following Oronhyatekha's lead, the IOF today approaches all prospects as potential members in a great fraternal society—never as mere policyholders. The IOF sells most of the standard types of life insurance—20-pay life, endowment at 65, and so on—and these differ little in coverage and rates from policies sold by any of the commercial companies. So the IOF cannily bases its sales appeal on the extra social and fraternal benefits the order offers; and a prospect is no sooner signed up than he is hustled off to be initiated.

Secret Oath in a Dark Room

The local lodge in his home town may be Court Chinook in Calgary, Court Hassayampa in Phoenix, Ariz., Court Abbey of Kirkstall in Yorkshire, or any one of 1,174 other "subordinate courts." Here he is introduced to brother members by the District Deputy who sold him his insurance and who is sometimes referred to as a field man but never as a salesman. He meets the Chief Ranger, the Orator, the Woodward and the Beadle, after which these officers disappear through a door which is bolted behind them.

Finally his mentor whispers a password through a peephole in the door and the tyro is ushered into a shadowy room and up to an altar bathed in the glow of a ruby red lamp. Here he takes the secret obligation summed up in the Foresters' non-secret motto, "Liberty, Brotherhood and Concord." A few minutes later the new brother is munching sandwiches, sipping coffee and enjoying lively entertainment which may range from court whist and canasta to tap dancing and television.

He gets invited to skating parties and formal dances, to help with a bazaar in aid of, say, the local war amputees' society and to sign up his daughter for free ballet lessons—providing he has signed her up first as a juvenile member. Women are eligible and membership is often a family affair. All members must be insured, although an eager prospect who flunks the insurance medical may become a social member.

This streamlined version of an old-fashioned benefit and burial society has won the Independent Order of Foresters a 25% jump in membership in seven years. Its 160,755 members—58,399 in Canada, 95,108 in the U.S., 7,248 in Britain, Norway and Denmark—hold insurance worth \$140 millions. Assets total \$50 millions and IOF is rated A-plus (excellent) by the authoritative Dun & Bradstreet insurance reports.

Humans band together for pleasure and/or protection in a variety of organizations. There are purely fraternal orders, such as the Masons whose lodge members may chip in to help a brother in distress but who offer no regular benefits. Others offer life insurance optionally (the Orange Order) and some provide medical and death benefits but no actual insurance policies (the Oddfellows). Then come the fraternal insurance societies, like the IOF, which offer lodge meetings and life insurance in a single package—the lodge meetings being optional although they are taken with Masonic seriousness by active IOF-ers. And finally there are the "old line" insurance companies: the mutual companies whose profits are divided among the policyholders, and the public stock companies in which profits go to the stockholders as in any normal business.

The Independent Order of Foresters, like all "fraternals," is entirely owned by its policyholders who share profits in the form of dividends and



When the future King George V toured Toronto he went to City Hall under the IOF's arch.

special benefits. As members of subordinate courts they elect delegates to high courts in each district, which in turn elect a supreme court. Members of this august group assemble every four years in antique regalia—colorful collar pieces and sashes—to lay down policy and elect officers. Instead of a president they elect a Supreme Chief Ranger, paid \$20,000 a year, and a Supreme Council, paid the usual directors' fees, to help him run affairs until the court meets again.

There are 196 fraternal insurance societies in North America, 21 of which operate in Canada. The IOF is the largest society with head office in this country, and only 10 North American rivals list greater assets. Generally speaking the fraternal

societies are smaller than the commercial insurance firms with which they compete. Both operate under the same federal regulations.

Few rivals though are merchandizing a package deal as hoary in origin and as modern in appeal as the IOF's "Insurance plus Fraternity."

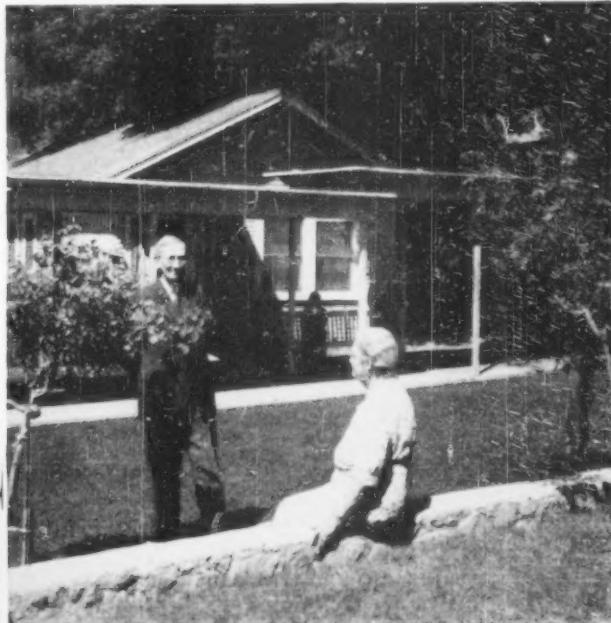
The slogan was invented by Oronhyatekha, of course, who published it in IOF pamphlets now crumbling with age; but his successors keep the magic words alive in neon lights over Toronto's City Hall square. And the neat trick as practiced both by the master 50 years ago and his disciples today is to sell the combination in reverse—sell the lodge and the insurance will look after itself.

Thus the IOF

Continued on page 44



A bronze statue of Oronhyatekha stands in the Toronto Temple — his greatest triumph.



IOF's old and needy can retire to California. For orphans there's a castle on an island.

By PIERRE BERTON

THE BRIGADIER was up well before 7 a.m. in the tiny caravan on the back of an Army truck which has been his home for the past three months and will be for many more. He squeezed his 195-pound frame into the world's narrowest shower, ran a razor over his square jaw, combed his unruly hair, then slipped into the freshly pressed battledress which his batman, Lance-Corporal George Wilson, had laid out for him.

For Brigadier John Meredith Rockingham, D.S.O. and Bar, C.B.E., E.D., a one-time sheep farmer and power-company lineman, it was just like old times.

He remembered what he'd said to Wilson in Ottawa four months before. Wilson, who had been his batman in World War II, heard Rockingham was to command the Canadian Special Force, quit his job at Canada Packers and arrived next morning at 7:30 a.m., newly enlisted and clothes brush in hand.

"Wilson," the brigadier said at the time, "you're crazy."

"No crazier than you are, sir," said Wilson staunchly, and there didn't seem to be any comeback to that.

Now, once again, the Army was occupying all the waking moments of both of them.

It has taken most of the brigadier's spare time since he joined the Canadian Scottish reserve in Victoria, B.C., in 1933—to play rugby. He had arrived from his native Australia only three years earlier. Out of uniform in the depression years, he was just another man on the pole line cutting brush and digging post holes. He had tried unsuccessfully to get started here as a sheep farmer.

But when war came his rise was swift. On September 1, 1939, when his unit went active, he was a lieutenant. By 1943 he was a lieut.-colonel in command of the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry. One month after going into action he had a D.S.O. on his chest and command of 9 Brigade—the Highland Brigade of the Third Canadian Infantry Division.

Even His Boots Are Vets

They called him "Rocky" and he built himself a reputation for personal bravery, and tough and sometimes unconventional leadership. The story goes that he once offered to discipline a delinquent soldier with his fists. He was a good tactician, had an unerring eye for detail and a hatred of red tape. All of this helps to explain why he was chosen last August to lead the brigade which Canada has placed at the disposal of the United Nations. Known as the "Special Force" it consists of three regiments—the Princess Patricia's Light Infantry, the Royal Canadian Regiment and the Royal 22nd Regiment together with supporting arms and reinforcements which bring it in strength to almost 10,000 men.

In his caravan the brigadier was pulling on his boots. Like Wilson, his batman, the boots were veterans of a hot war. So was his Tommy gun. He had brought it down here to Fort Lewis, Wash., from his home in Shaughnessy Heights, Vancouver, where it had hung during the five years of his civilian life in a den with his other trophies—the Gestapo arm band and the big map of the Channel ports, the German binoculars, the Dutch sword and the personal flag of Lieut.-Gen. Ferdinand Heine, who had reluctantly surrendered the French city of Boulogne to him.

The brigadier, who just four months before had been a man in a tweed jacket working for Pacific Stage Lines, a subsidiary of the B.C. Electric Railway Co., reflectively munched on an apple which is all the breakfast he usually eats.

The Tommy gun had seen a good deal of action. He used it on the sniper who creased the bridge of his nose with a bullet, stalking him and killing him with a quick burst. He used it that time alone



Now 38, Rockingham's ready for war again. He didn't have time to get comfortable in tweeds.

ROCKY

Brig. John Rockingham, who once dug holes for power poles, is back under a Balmoral as C.O. of our Special Force. Like most of the veterans under him, he's finding that the Army hasn't changed so much. For one thing, they haven't got the 40-hour week there yet

in the forest on the Schelde when a German Spandau crew opened up on him. He killed two of them with the Tommy and took the other three prisoner. (He'd been taken prisoner himself once but when his captor's attention was diverted by firing on the flank the brigadier swung around, knocked him cold and escaped.) He used it again when in the confusion of battle he got lost and joined with two of his forward companies in an attack on a chateau, routing the enemy and dropping them like ducks.

His apple finished, the brigadier buckled on his web belt and popped into Brigade Headquarters next door.

Crumpled over a chair lay his old tank suit, one sleeve still torn by mortar shrapnel. He had been wearing that suit on VE-Day when he took the surrender of the big submarine base of Emden, sitting up on the turret of his scout car for effect, in spite of the pouring rain, on an 18-mile drive through thousands of armed German troops.

"You had better put up a white flag," the German commander told him, "or I cannot be responsible for your safety."

"Go to hell," Rockingham said. "You drive up ahead and if any man raises a weapon I'll empty a whole Bren mag in the back of your neck."

After the war his old employers, the B. C. Electric Railway Co., in Victoria, put him in charge of veterans' rehabilitation. You couldn't have a brigadier digging post holes.

"The vacillations of modern business almost drove me crazy," Rockingham told a friend, "but after all if I couldn't settle down myself there wasn't much bloody use trying to settle the veterans down."

He settled down and moved ahead—to a personnel job with Pacific Stage Lines. Then one day a call came from Ottawa and he was a brigadier again.

So here he was at 7:30 a.m. in his Brigade Headquarters with his brigade major, a dapper Permanent Force officer, studying a TEWT which the BM had made up on the principles of The Attack. A TEWT is a Tactical Exercise Without Troops and the brigadier spent about half an hour working it over.

"You say 'smooth deployment' here," he said to the BM. "Wouldn't 'rapid' be better? You get a platoon deploying into the attack and it's not very bloody smooth."



The Rockinghams help father to get packed when a phone call from Ottawa called him back to battledress. Audrey, 14, and Johnny-Bob, 11, grew out of babyhood in Vancouver while he was at war in Europe.

The brigade major agreed. The brigadier made some further changes from the filing cabinets of his memory, then leaped into his jeep and drove himself down the lines to the orderly room of the PPCLI to greet some incoming officers of the regiment's new third battalion.

He rattled back to his headquarters, pausing to check a mustached major for wearing a forage cap instead of operational beret. "We're strictly operational here," the brigadier said.

Back at HQ, his aide, Capt. Geoff Corey, a bespectacled young officer in black tank coveralls, met him. He had served in the brigadier's first unit, the Canadian Scottish, during the last war and had been working for his master's degree in history at U.B.C. when the Special Force was formed. Now, with more history in the making, he was back in uniform.

Corey had the brigadier's map board ready and a route marked out in grease pencil. The 25th Canadian Infantry Brigade is sprawled over most of Fort Lewis' 90,000 acres and it is the brigadier's habit to drive about 70 miles a day to observe his various troops in training.

His scout car, a tanklike armored vehicle, was waiting for him. He and his aide and a signalman climbed aboard. The brigadier sat on the edge of the turret and began to relay orders through

the intercom to the driver as the car threaded its way out onto the state highway toward the rolling scrub country.

Major Jack Peterson, commander of Charlie Company, Royal Canadian Regiment, who was with 9 Brigade in the last war, looked up as the scout car passed and the sight of it took him back five years. The major, who left the mayoralty of St. Thomas, Ont., to join the Special Force, recalled with some nostalgia that during the heat of an assault you would always see Rocky burning up the road in his scout car, dressed just as he was today in Balmoral and red tabs and battledress, his big frame half way out of the turret.

By 9:20 the brigadier was half a dozen miles away in a wooded hollow watching the Field Ambulance Corps training on motorcycles. He donned a crash helmet himself, kicked one of the machines into action and shot off at a fast clip around the hilly course.

By 9:30—a time when most business executives are just arriving at work—he was on his way to the

training area of the Royal Canadian Regiment. This time he drove the scout car himself. He believes in being able to do anything his men can and has learned to drive every Army vehicle from Field Artillery Tractor to M-10 tank. As an executive of Pacific Stage Lines he learned to drive a bus around Vancouver and would have taken fares, too, if the union had let him. In the days that followed his new appointment he flew a total of 42,000 miles around the country visiting his troops in half a dozen scattered camps and a good deal of the time he flew the plane himself.

The brigadier heaved himself out of the scout car in the lee of a small wood and took the salute of an officer in steel helmet and coveralls. The anti-tank platoon of the RCR's was bivouacked here and one of the 17-pounder guns was concealed in the bush. The brigadier looked at the position critically. How about the muzzle flash? It would give the position away after the first couple of shots. Couldn't the gun be moved back a couple of feet?

He moved to a neighboring copse where troops were digging pits for two more guns.

"Pretty close together, aren't they?" the brigadier asked in his slight Australian accent. "I don't like the looks of it too much. The lead tank could lob HE in there and pin both your crews down." Moving back to

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The Brigadier (nearest gangway) talks with Lieut.-Col. J. R. Stone, C.O. of the Pats, as troops embark from Seattle, Wash., for Korea. The Special Force numbers 10,000.



At Fort Lewis he discusses tactics with tank officers during realistic field manoeuvres on the camp's 90,000 acres.

I LIVE WITH SIX WOMEN

He always wanted a daughter. He got five and spent his best years with pins and patterns, tripping over dolls, reading dress ads and fitting dirndls. He has even forgotten what it's like to blush

By CLIF GREER
COLOR PHOTOS BY KEN BELL

The author with his women. Standing: Lorna (left) and Patsy. Seated: Gail, Mrs. Greer, Nora, grand-daughter Kathy, Jolyn.



I WAS DELIGHTED when our first baby was a girl. I'd always wanted a girl around the house and here was Jolyn, a little beauty. I hoped the second would be a girl to keep the first company. It was. We called her Lorna. I took to making little jokes about having a bevy of beautiful daughters.

When the third baby was in the offing I changed my mind. I'm a schoolteacher, and a teacher's life is not designed for riotous living but for penury and punishment. I wanted a boy who would get a job and kick in with some expenses. Loath as I am to relate it now, when red-headed Norah was born I went on a fishing trip with the boys and tried to drown my troubles in sarsaparilla.

I know this is getting monotonous, but my wife decided there was another on the way. I began to carry a rabbit's foot. This one had to be a boy, by all the laws of averages and humanity. It was another girl, blond Patsy. When my wife announced there might be a fifth I just didn't give a damn what it was. I knew there was no hope, and when chipper little Gail came to us, I realized that the Lord had granted my early wish. I had my bevy of beautiful daughters.

In the meantime I'd somehow picked up a female dog, a female cat, two female goldfish and my second brother had sired three daughters. My youngest brother eventually produced another one, making a perfect score of nine grand-daughters for Grandpop, who wanted grandsons. Unless other branches of the family are doing better, the name "Greer" will soon be traceable only through finance companies. I remember my father's stricken look and desolation of spirit at the birth of the ninth grand-daughter, a calamity he associated in some mysterious way with the fact his three sons had become schoolteachers.

But I had no time to worry about my father's troubles. I had enough of my own: the fights that started when red-headed 17-year-old Norah supplemented her high-school wardrobe by pilfering from her long-suffering 18-year-old sister, Lorna; the agony of catching 10-year-old Gail dressing the collie in a suit of my best underwear; the shock of watching nature-loving Patsy, 11, happily produce five live snakes from her pockets.

My troubles are a special kind. For instance, I can't enjoy a normal introduction. Somebody says: "Mr. Greer, like you to meet Mr. Matthews." We shake hands and make appropriate sounds. I wait. Then it comes.

"Mr. Greer is the father of five daughters," he adds with a snicker.

Matthews then lets me have it. "Just like Eddie Cantor, eh?"

There's nothing left for me to do but give my old battle cry: "Yeah, but Cantor gets paid for jokes about his girls. I suffer the laughs without the money. I'm a schoolteacher."

Any desire for further discussion has left me. I wander off to look for the punch bowl.

I'm a lone male among six females and it's doing things to me that shouldn't happen to a bill collector. I'm out of step with men, and the women can't stand me. Any ordinary guy, fresh from an average amount of male company, is slightly embarrassed when surrounded by females. He's liable to blush, which the girls find rather quaint and charming. They want to mother him. But I've spent the biggest part of my life in an atmosphere of pins, patterns, curlers and girdles. I've seen women in every state of nerves, temperament, occupation and dress. I've fitted dirndls, soldered hose supports, groped through wet nylons and broken up fights over garter belts by hovering around like an old coon dog, slapping my shrieking females in strategic places to make them let go.

I try to look embarrassed but I soon find myself chuckling away with the girls. Other women think I'm too cool a customer with women to be decent and edge away from me. Yet I'm so out of touch with the masculine world that when the boys gather to repeat what they've heard their sons say about jets, jeeps and high-school hockey scores all I can think of saying is: "Simpson's is clearing the cutest little suits today for \$13.98."



Because he paints they sometimes let him choose their hats. But they preferred dolls to an electric train and flatly refused to learn hockey.

Another thing, a man needs to meet with a certain amount of healthful moral and physical resistance of the sort he'd get from a solidly built son. It's like a dog needing an occasional dry bone. The only resistance I get is a peculiar shifty female variety that lets me fall flat on my face. The minute I step into a fight, everyone chooses up sides: me on one side, six women on the other. It frequently happens at mealtimes.

Before marriage I had the idea that girls spent mealtimes sitting with their hands folded demurely in their lap, nibbling now and then on angel cake. Our gargantuan repasts were a dreadful revelation. My five daughters storm the table in curlers, slips and what-nots, howling like famished wolverines. I can't serve fast enough. By the time my turn comes it's time to start serving all over again. The only reason I tried to train my daughters to chew their food was to give me time to eat. The session usually ends in a five-way brawl for the choice cuts and biggest servings.

In the midst of the melee I rise like Neptune coming out of the sea, slap the table with my carving knife and roar for silence. I get it. Six women sit looking at me as I stand there glassy-eyed and out of control. A sob breaks the silence, and one of my daughters runs from the table biting her knuckles. My wife looks at me coldly and says: "Will you never learn that girls are sensitive? You don't just scream at them as if they were boys!"

Trains Didn't Tempt Them

I often hear a father of sons say: "They keep me from forgetting the time when I was a kid." The only way five daughters could remind a man of when he was a kid would be for him to have spent his boyhood playing with wet-ums dolls. I haven't had boxing gloves or an air rifle since I got married. All I have is dolls—babies, little girls, teddies, and what-nots—bought in wholesale quantities at retail prices. Dark stairways and halls are littered with them. Whenever I crash down in one of these booby traps there's always great commiseration—for the dolls.

Early in married life I tried to get them a toy train. One Christmas I sneaked in with an American Flyer. My heart still throbs as I recall the joy with which I set up that engine, 10 cars, bridges, signals, a station, and yards of track. Now, I thought, the kids will give up that I&M! doll business. My wife regarded the project coldly.

"They won't like it," she said.

"What do you mean, won't like it?" I yelled.

"I know what kids like. My brothers and I—"

"You'll see," my wife announced sweetly.

I saw. I arose in the unholy dark to watch the children come upon the breath-taking sight.

There were five new dolls under the tree, of course; but the main thing was the train. There it was, a mighty glittering ensemble taking up so much room that it just couldn't be missed. But my girls missed it, somehow. They leaped over cars, scurried between signals, jumped switches and clutched those five damnable dolls to their tender little bosoms with shrieks of ecstasy. They stripped them, bathed them, changed, dried and dressed them, fondled them, dandled them, mothered them and cooed to them, and every time they came to the train they kicked it aside.

I came out from behind the tree where I'd been crouching talking to myself and made maddened attempts to lure them into playing with it. I set it back on the tracks, ran it, backed it and did everything but ride in it. They showed momentary interest when I gave a baby doll a ride on a flat car, but when the doll fell off they kicked it aside again. It was all I could do to keep from getting kicked under the tree myself.

Girls Are So Helpless

There's a charming and phony legend that's been around for years that women are quick to sympathize with an injured male and to bandage his slightest wound. This may be—if there's a son or two around to point out that the old man's bleeding. A man surrounded by six females is liable to bleed to death before they start asking where he is. He's regarded as something shaggy and indestructible.

Occasionally I come in handy. I'm fond of painting and frequently have exhibitions of my work, so my daughters are forced to concede that maybe I'm capable of passing an opinion on the color of a new hat. Apart from that I rate with a comfortable old chair that, in spite of creaks and groans, is still capable of supporting a burden.

The father of sons can show them how to hunt, fish, tie a reef knot or pitch a tent, and build himself up as quite a hero. But daughters know there's no point in doing any of these things: a man will turn up in time to do it for them. This left-handed logic always works somehow.

I remember one time my daughters went on an overnight camping trip. They took two canoes, their spaniel Betty, and paddled off with my injunction from the dock: "Be sure to get your tents up, beds made and supper cooked before dark." They'd no sooner rounded the first bend when I started to worry. By sunset I'd begun to stew; and when the quiet northern darkness descended on the river, and all the familiar landmarks became submerged in mystery and reflection, I knew I had to see that those kids were safe or be roped to a

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NEHRU

ASIA'S TROUBLED GIANT

By BLAIR FRASER

At 61 he stands in Gandhi's sacred sandals at the head of 350 million Indians behind a foreign policy that, to many Westerners, seems a dangerous paradox. He hates Communism but doesn't want to fight it on the West's terms

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU, Prime Minister of India and one of the great men of this century, must often be baffled by the Mysterious West. He leads a nation of 350 millions which, when the British had it, was fondly described as the brightest jewel in the Imperial Crown. No sooner had the British reluctantly departed than the entire Western world began to talk as if India were doomed. Social and economic problems, which the British had contemplated with serenity for 300 years, suddenly became the symptoms of inevitable collapse.

In the whole of Asia Nehru is the only leader of established and unquestioned stature who opposes Communism. Yet, in New Delhi, a prominent American said to me: "That man Nehru is doing more to spread Communism than anyone else in the world."

Nehru often lays precisely the same charge against United States policy in Asia, which he regards as absurd. His half-hearted backing of the United Nations in Korea, his refusal to take part in a Pacific Pact or a United Nations Special Force, spring from a basic distrust of American competence in Far Eastern affairs.

"I like the Americans, you know," he told a visitor one evening. "They're a warm-hearted, generous, decent people. But in foreign affairs, especially in the East, they have a naivete that is really frightening."

Nehru tries to get along with Red China not because he likes Communism (Indian Communists get far rougher treatment than their fellows in Canada or the United States) but because he is sure the Mao Tse-tung Government is there to stay. He thinks the policy of ignoring or isolating Red China merely drives Mao into Stalin's arms. Knowing something of Asian nationalism after a lifetime of struggle for India's freedom, Nehru is confident that China will throw off Russian imperialist domination if we give her time, and a chance. But American support of Chiang Kai-shek, who

to most of his countrymen is a discredited exile who bombed Shanghai last year and killed thousands of Chinese civilians, seems to Nehru a sure way of keeping China on Russia's side.

This "soft" attitude toward Red China got Nehru and India a lot of abuse last fall. It's worth noting, though, that when the West did want to negotiate with the Chinese the only avenue of contact they had was the Indian Government and its UN delegate. Whether the negotiation itself did any good or not it delivered us from the charge that we hadn't even tried to find a peaceful settlement.

Inside India the threat of Communism is real but indirect. Nehru himself is impatient with what he regards as our obsession with the subject. Nothing annoys him more than an interviewer who begins: "What about the Communist danger in your country?" Knowing his feeling, I didn't put the question. But his known views add up to something like this:

India is threatened not so much by Communism as by starvation and chaos. Give the people food, work and hope and they will remain the good democrats they are; Communists will be, as they are now, a meagre handful. Fail in that task and Communism may fall heir to the anarchy that follows.

Moreover, Indians are not interested in fighting Communism when, as in China and Indo-China, Communism and Asian nationalism are on the same side. India's own freedom is too new and too precious. Even the most conservative Indian is a nationalist first to see the Indo-Chinese fighting the French and defeating 150,000 European troops is for them a matter for pride, not regret.

They believe profoundly that Asian nationalism is a good and an irresistible force, and that Powers ranged against it are doomed to fail. That's another reason why they wouldn't fight on such an issue.

"You forget that the time has passed when Asia can be conquered," Nehru said to me in the course of a two-hour conversation. "Asia can be

Continued on page 37

Madison's Magazine, February 1, 1951

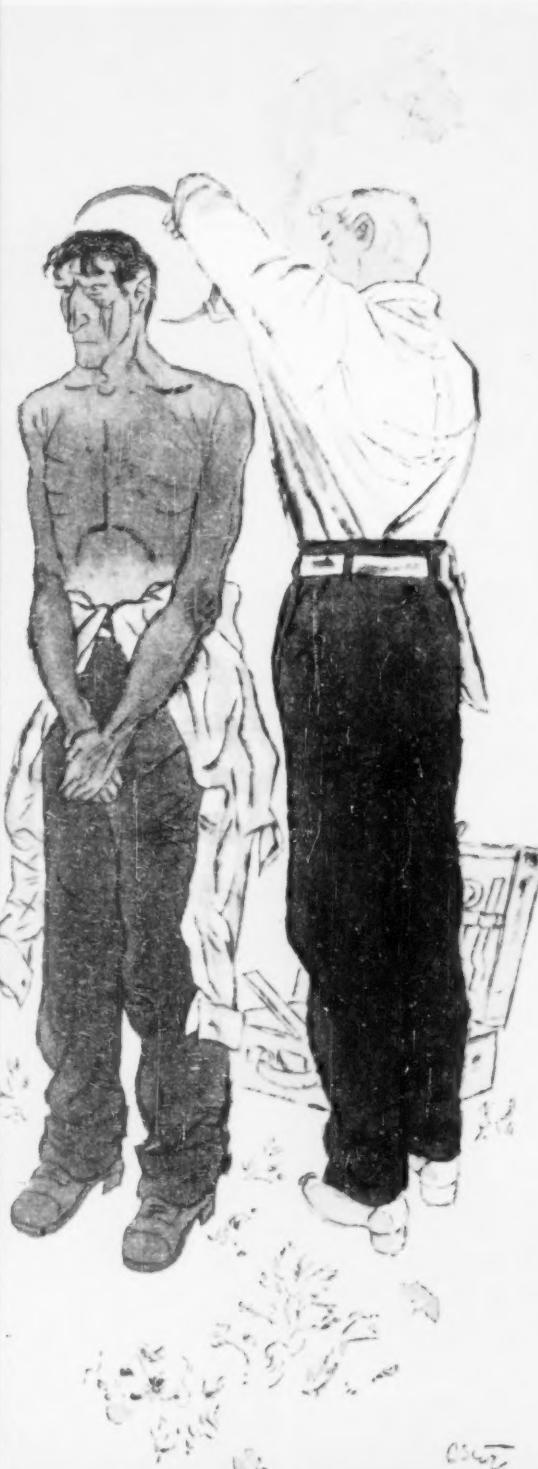


A HAT FOR BILLY JIM

By LESLEY CONGER

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

This man bought heads . . .



The university people paid fifty cents a head and a quarter for kids. Just to measure. How much did they pay for pride?

THIS SUMMER Billy Jim was four the family went down for the hop-picking. The tent they had was the one nearest the store and only a few yards from the edge of the rows of vines. It wasn't much of a store, just a shack with an open front counter to it, and mostly it sold pop and candy to the kids.

The tents belonged to Mr. Dodge; they made a little dingy canvas village between the hop-fields and a patch of woods where the road from the highway came down into camp. The ground around the camp was hard and the grass yellow and dry. It was August.

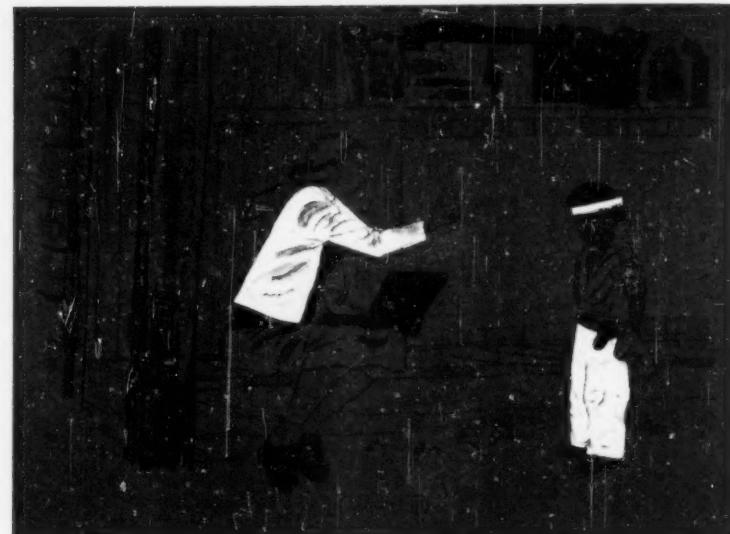
A lot of people came that season, and the gambling was exciting. First Billy Jim would run around and around the two rows of kneeling players, and then he would stand behind his father and hop up and down to the drumming and singing, learning it himself: "Hai li hi hai li hi!" Double Jim was a smart gambler; once he guessed right eight times running. Billy Jim kept saying that when he grew up he'd be a gambler and he'd spend all winter making a fine set of bones for slahal too, and he'd always know how to guess where the plain white bone was no matter how smart the holders were.

Billy Jim was the youngest and he had a new red plaid shirt that Mrs. Jim had got for him in Vancouver. If he was anywhere to be seen in the camp, Mrs. Jim could see him right away, it was that red. And he had a new cap gun in a white leather holster and all he wanted right now was a cowboy hat.

Double Jim's other kids, Paul and Joe, were big and nearly grown; this Mrs. Jim was the second Mrs. Jim, and Billy was her only boy. The first Mrs. Jim had died in the Indian hospital, 10 or 11 years ago.

THIS WAS the summer the people came from the University to measure everybody. Double Jim's gambling luck had gone against him for two nights and he was feeling peevish. When he saw the new station wagon drive down the road into the camp, it made him kind of sore to see Billy Jim hopping around it with the other kids, patting the shiny fenders and the headlights almost before it had stopped. He didn't like Billy Jim hanging around white people. You'd think they'd have enough of their own business to worry about anyway, that they wouldn't come around bothering

people all the time. He supposed it was true what old George Henry said, that they made money off Indians that way, like that young woman two summers ago who was asking all kinds of questions up on the reserve; she wanted to talk to George Henry but he just shut his door and wouldn't come out. She said she was writing down about old times and the history of his people, but he wouldn't have anything to do with it, so she finally had to go talk to Alec Lamont, and that made old George



. . . this lady had a box full of eyes . . .



. . . this was the hat . . .

Henry laugh because everybody knew Alec didn't even belong on the reserve and didn't know anything about old times, anyway.

But Double Jim just stood there and didn't call Billy away from the station wagon. It wasn't that important.

There were two men in the station wagon and a girl. Mr. Dodge came around from in back of the store and stood there talking with them; then the girl took some things from the back of the station wagon and went and sat on the porch in front of the store. She was kind of an ugly girl with bright red hair and her clothes weren't big enough for her, so everything pulled here and there when she moved. She sat down on the edge of the porch with her legs stretched straight out in front of her and her feet crossed, and looked around at the camp, and smiled at Billy Jim.

Billy Jim stood and stared at her for a moment and then turned abruptly and ran around the side of the store where he could peek out now and then without being seen all the time. Double Jim

watched long enough to see the two men and Mr. Dodge heading for One-Arm Charley's tent with most of the kids following them, long enough to hear Mr. Dodge say as they went by, "Well, you begin on One-Arm Charley and if you can convince him you've got all his relatives. That's a start on the rest of the camp, at any rate." Double Jim felt the patronage in Mr. Dodge's voice, and an old dislike for the man rose in him again.

Billy Jim finally came around from the side of the store and sat on the far edge of the porch, pretending to be fooling with his new cap gun while he watched the girl from the corner of his eye. Then he took aim and shot at One-Arm Charley's tent, bang, bang, bang, once for each of the two white men and once for Mr. Dodge. The red-haired girl smiled at him.

"Shoot me dead too," she offered.

Billy just looked at her without smiling back. She took a black case from the porch beside her and opened it up on her lap. Billy Jim thought at first it was marbles, and then he surreptitiously took a good long look and swallowed hard, feeling kind of queer. It was eyes, a whole box full of eyes, sitting there in rows.

He didn't want to look at it, and he did want to look at it. He sat and looked sideways down at the ground so that he could see just a little.

"Want to see what color your eyes are?" the girl asked him. Billy Jim shook his head and looked away. "Oh, come on, it's like a game," the girl said.

Billy Jim didn't want to talk to her but he had to. "How come you got all those eyes?" he asked.

The red-haired girl laughed. "Oh, they're not real, if that's what you're thinking," she said. "Somebody just made them." She got up and walked over to him with the case in her hand. "See, each one is a different color. You look up at me and I'll pick out the one that's like your eyes and show you which it is."

Billy looked up at her. She had funny pale-blue eyes; he didn't like the looks of them very much.

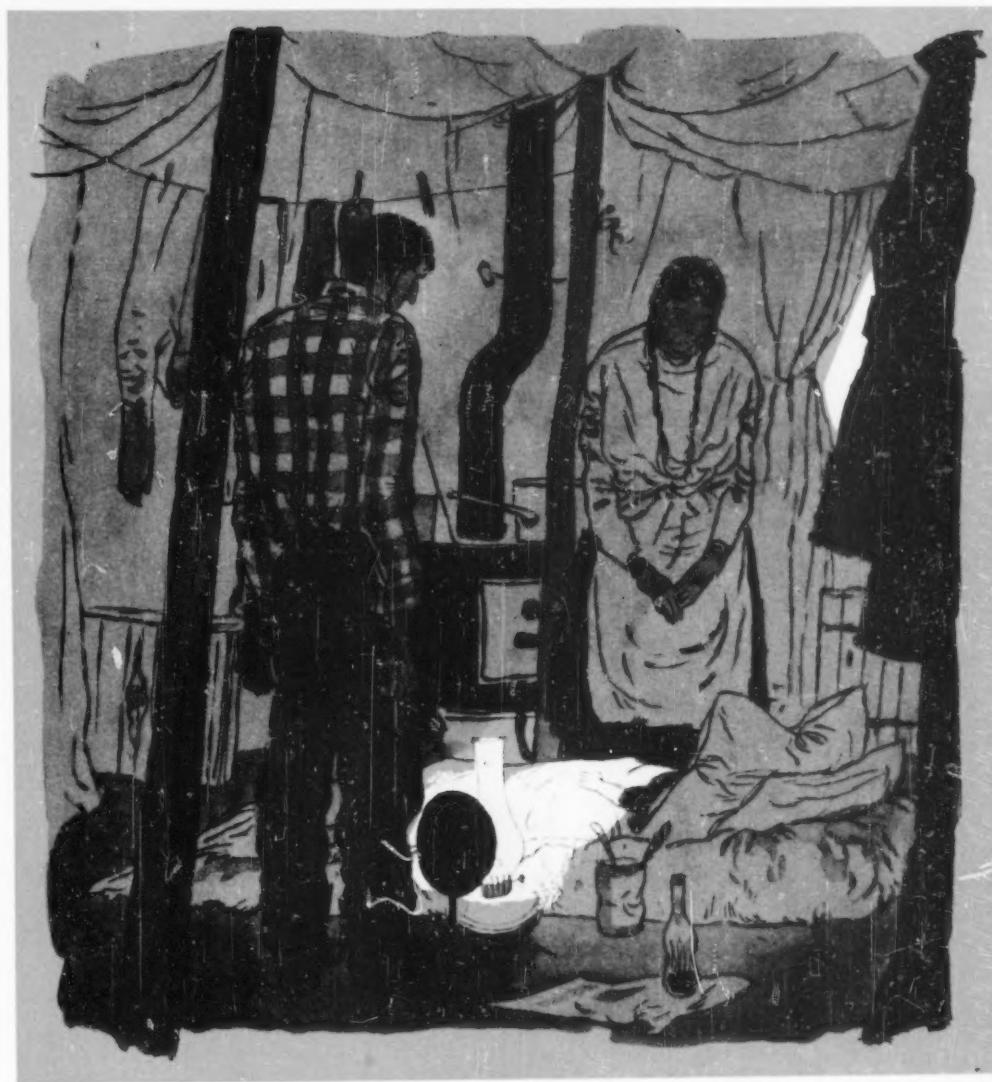
"Here," she said. "This one is the same as yours, this one that's almost the darkest brown in the whole set."

He pointed to the opposite corner of the tray. "That's yours," he said.

The girl reached for a brown canvas-covered folder. "Want to see what color your hair is?" she asked.

Double Jim was standing at the door of their tent. "You, Billy," he said abruptly; Billy Jim obeyed that tone of voice without question. The red-haired girl was left sitting alone on the porch of the store. The only concession to her existence that Billy made was to turn as he entered the tent and shoot her dead with his cap pistol. She smiled uncertainly and put the brown case back down on the porch.

ONE-ARM CHARLEY wasn't sure he wanted to be measured, whatever it was for. All the long-winded explanation didn't make much sense. But it was 50 cents a head and a quarter for kids,



. . . they wanted for Billy Jim.

and he counted up what it would come to and said okay. His wife had been too sick to pick this season, and the summer hadn't gone very well so far. Mr. Dodge smiled at the two men and they all walked back to the store.

"Oh, the news'll get around," Mr. Dodge said. "After all, it's an easy way to pick up some extra cash. They can always use it."

They measured all afternoon. Double Jim didn't go near them, but he could see them from the tent, fooling around with long shiny measuring sticks and poking at the faces of Charley's family and writing things down. One of the men was

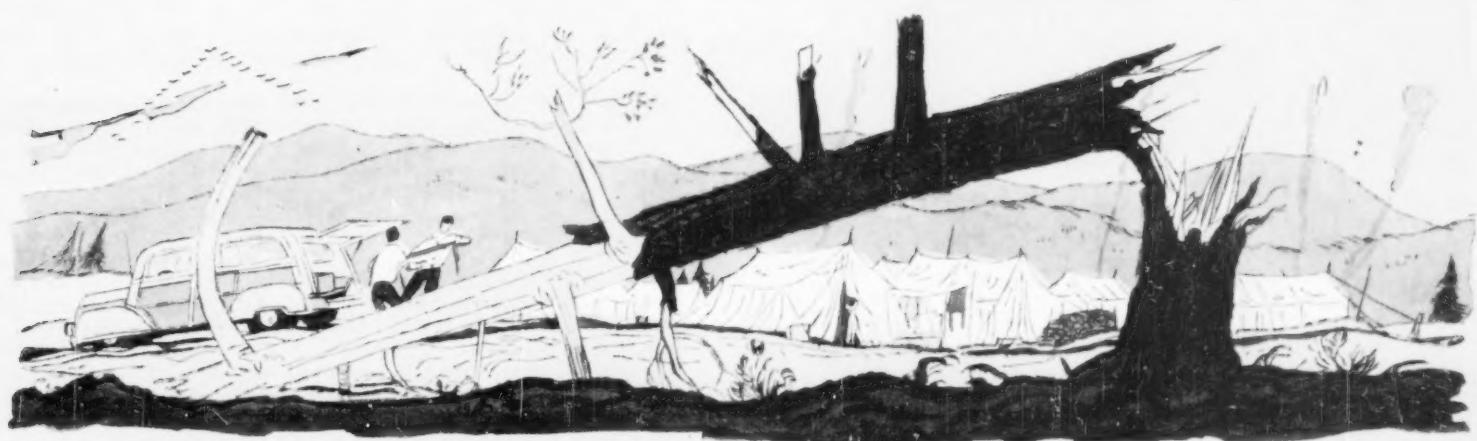
taller and older and seemed to be doing most of the work while the other one watched and the girl marked things down on the sheets of paper she had. Old George Henry just stood leaning against a porch post; finally he came over and stuck his head inside the Jim family tent.

"Hey," he said. "They ask One-Arm about his people and One-Arm tells them all Injun, all his family full-blood, high class, too."

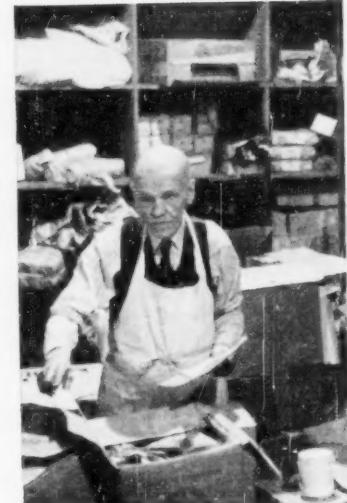
"They write that down?"

George Henry nodded. "Mebbe I get them to write down my father is Heyis. Then I'll be big man, eh? I say,"

Continued on page 30



THE HOSPITAL PRAYER BUILT



There'll be more storeroom space, always a problem. Doctors' offices were once built in an old chimney.

Lorna doesn't know about the fight to build Sick Kids but because it's there, she's learning to walk again.



The new 14-story hospital towers proudly above Toronto's handsome University Ave. It's got television and noiseless light switches.

Thousands of Canadians gave more than 12 million dollars to build the world's finest children's hospital in Toronto. The cornerstone was laid 75 years ago when a little wasp-waisted matron took \$30 and a prayer book, rented a house and opened the door to Sick Kids

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

THENE BROUGHT the hurt child through the weathered side entrance of the Hospital for Sick Children on Toronto's College Street. She was a limp doll in the arms of the blond young man in overalls. A thin boy supported a woman with shock-twisted face and wild hair.

The man carrying the child spoke to a nurse. "Truck," he said bitterly. "Side-swiped her. Didn't even stop."

"Will my baby live?" the woman kept whispering to no one in particular. "Will my baby live?"

In the dark crowded hall with paint peeling off the dank walls, and in narrow cubbyholes of dimly lit waiting rooms and windowless offices holding years of heartache, life didn't stop for this pin-pointed tragedy. Nurses, doctors, mothers, kids on stretchers, hospital workers with pails of ice, carts of laundry, wagonloads of oxygen, went by in a steady traffic. The heartache, the tragedy and the ready aid were all commonplace here. In 75 years since the first Sick Children's Hospital opened, more than three million children have been given first aid and long-time



OLD A light well was closed in to provide room for hospital supplies.



OLD Even with improvements the 1892-style kitchen is cramped.

treatment for mortal need and minor ailment. In most of those years it had been touch and go whether another bed could be found in the crowded wards, another dollar would be there for the upkeep of that bed. Somehow the hospital known as Sick Kids always managed. Never was a hurt or ailing child turned away unaided!

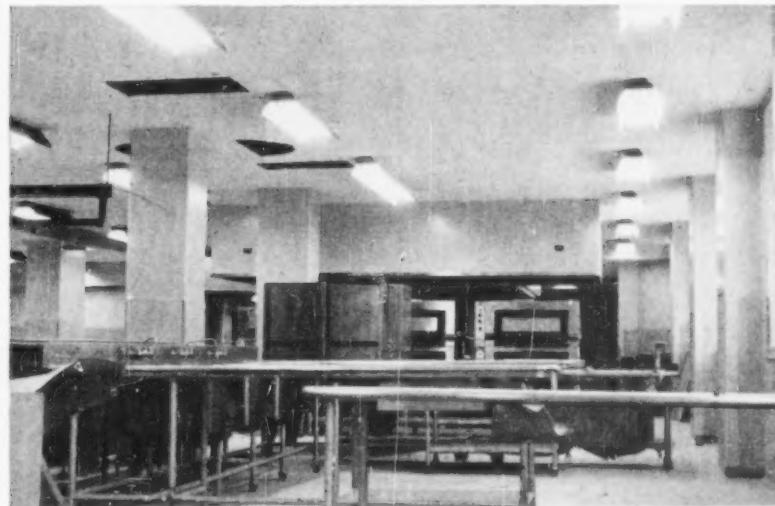
Trying to stretch a dollar and help a child, the fifth building to house the Hospital for Sick Children, a pseudo-Victorian bricked face on College Street, deteriorated from the best children's hospital in the world in 1892 to a crowded, dilapidated fire-trap in 1950. It was built to accommodate 190 beds; for years it has been crowded with more than 300. In 1928, full to the hilt, the hospital was handling 5,800 patients a year; in 1949, still in the same buildings, with only small extra space elsewhere, it was handling nearly 13,000. The number of outpatients (children who stay at home but come to the hospital for treatment) had jumped from 795 in 1893, the first full year of the College Street hospital, to 74,701 in 1949—still in the same building.

But now finally Sick Kids is ready to move for the sixth time—one block south and one block west to a new 14-floor building on University Avenue, Toronto's most handsome boulevard, to what is reputedly the best children's hospital in the world. It is built out of donations, individual and government, and is a fine milestone in a 75-year story.

Dr. Alan Brown (at left) is physician-in-chief. Staff Surgeon Bill Mustard sometimes doubles as Santa Claus. Many specialists give their time free.



NEW The supply room, like other departments, now has space to spare.



NEW This kitchen will give three meals a day to 632 children and staff.

Dr. Alan Brown, peppery physician-in-chief for 31 years, describes the new hospital as "the ultimate result of years of planning. It is the biggest and definitely one of the outstanding children's hospitals in the world." From the stately entrance to the pastel-painted wards, from oxygen piped to the rooms to noiseless light switches, the new Hospital for Sick Children is a triumph of heart over hardship.

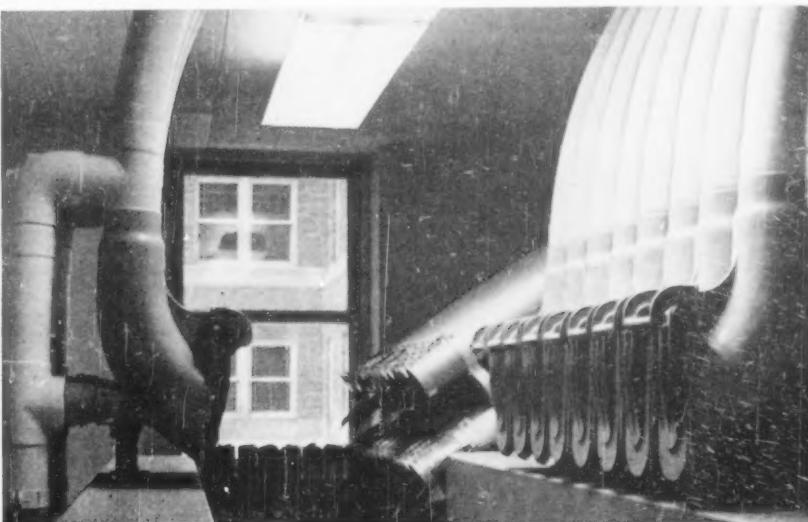
This is the story of its beginning.

It was a Toronto matron, Mrs. Samuel McMaster, founder of Moulton College for girls and wife of the founder of McMaster University, Hamilton, who decided Canada needed its first children's hospital. Deeply religious, severe, energetic, this small (five foot two) wasp-waisted woman started with \$30 in donations, rented a house for \$320 a year and received the first small patient, a badly burned child called Maggie, a few days later. That was April, 1875.

The second month after the hospital opened it faced lack of space—the bugbear of all the years to come. By the end of the first year it had to move to a bigger house.

In this second home there were no water mains. The work was entirely volunteer. Minutes of the early meetings of the energetic ladies point up the second problem that was always to nag their efforts: lack of money. They recorded in January, 1878: *Continued on page 42*

Pneumatic tubes rush prescriptions, dressings and instruments to 25 stations in the new hospital, saving the nurses time. Oxygen is piped to every room.



By TRENT FRAYNE



An acrobat in the nets, Broda knows all the angles when an opposing forward bears down on him.

HOCKEY'S HAPPY SCAPEGOAT

For 15 years Turk Broda has survived catcalls, rule changes, and a bulging waistline to stay hockey's hottest goalkeeper. At 36 he's still fighting to lose weight, win games, and hold his job—and behaving like a guy who hasn't got a worry in the world



Ask how he does it and he'll give a demonstration. Mrs. Broda (right) watches his weight too.

TURK BRODA, the oldest, fattest, baldest and the best goalkeeper in professional hockey through the last five years, is a paradox regarded almost as apprehensively by his employer as by the rival sharpshooters he outwits. Conn Smythe, his boss, looks at the swelling Broda silhouette and receding Broda hairline every fall and grows constantly more fearful that each season will be Turk's last. Toronto Maple Leafs' opponents, who have been trying to beat Broda since 1936, glare at the same harbingers of decline and grow equally fearful that it won't.

Broda, nearing 37, has been more successful in the past four seasons than he ever was in his first 10—the anchor for a young aggressive team that won the Stanley Cup a record-breaking three successive times and just missed making it four in a row last spring in a strenuous seven-game series with Detroit Red Wings during which Broda technically had four shutouts. (Leafs lost the deciding game 1-0 in overtime.) As world's champions in 1947-48 they placed no one on the All-Star team, selected annually by the league's coaches, except Broda.

Turk, who may or may not be concluding a long, vigorous, and lucrative career, went to work for the Leafs even before they took the ice this season. Early last September Smythe used his chubby employee as a lever to move football over on the sports pages and help sell season tickets at Maple Leaf Gardens—or at least drum up pre-season interest.

A story garnished with a picture of Broda sitting on gym scales and clad in a towel reported that he had signed his 1950-51 contract at the same figure as the year before, \$10,000. But there was a gimmick. Broda would be weighed before each game and for every pound over 190 the goatherd would have to pay Smythe a dollar. It is notable that in December, three months later, Turk weighed a svelte 183.

In Broda's long career there have been many challengers for his job but none was serious until this season when Al Rollins, a lanky youngster purchased from Cleveland as insurance for the day Turk slipped, moved into the nets for experience and did so well he threatened to win a permanent assignment. There was a feeling through Toronto's first 25 games that Smythe again was pulling a publicity stunt, that he was stirring up hockey controversy to keep his Leafs high on the sports pages. This may have been the intention, but with Broda and Rollins both starring the situation got out of hand.

In one stretch Turk rolled up three shutouts and when Rollins got his turn he went eight games without defeat. Smythe found himself in a quandary from which it was difficult to emerge gracefully. He put it this way and if he was talking publicity he was also talking fact:

"On the one hand we've got Rollins who could be the rookie of the year and earn a thousand bucks doing it. But the way Turk looks he could be the All-Star goalkeeper and earn a thousand bucks doing it. If Rollins plays only 30 games, will he be eligible for the rookie award? Not likely. If Broda plays 30 or 40, is that enough for All-Star consideration? I doubt it."

Smythe won't agree the situation is similar to the one 15 years ago when after alternating Broda with George Hainsworth he selected Turk as regular goatherd. He felt then that Hainsworth was through. He refuses to concede that Broda is washed up.

For one thing, Broda continues to excel at the wide-open modern style of hockey in which goalminders often cannot depend too much on their team mates for help. When he broke in, the game was dominated by skilful patriarchs like Hainsworth, Tiny Thompson, Roy Worters, Alec Connell and Davie Kerr; there was no forward pass and the popular strategy was defense in depth—two defensemen anchored in front of the goatherd and three forwards

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to get some Kodak Film. Size

WHAT'S A HOME WITHOUT A CAT?



Cats have been worshipped as gods, tortured as demons, but man has never broken their spirit or the shell of their fascinating aloofness

By RICHARD LAWRENCE

DRAWING BY HAROLD TOWN

THESE are fairly happy times for cats. Though some are forced to lead a hand-to-mouse existence, a great many live in comfortable, kindly homes and a few are even surrounded by luxury and are independently wealthy.

Consider the case of Buster, a Boston cat of no special breeding or distinction, who inherited \$100,000 from his owner, lawyer Woodbury Rand. In a codicil to his will Rand cut off seven relatives to whom he had originally bequeathed \$20,000 "because of their contemptuous attitude and cruelty toward my cat."

Another cat to whom life looks sweet is a Siamese named Prince Rahula. When the Prince traveled alone in the liner Virginia from New York to Panama City he occupied an entire first-class stateroom with private bath and was served breakfast in bed.

Some Canadian cats have lolled in the lap of luxury, too. As good an example as any is Laddie, a blue Persian owned by Mrs. H. Gesner Kerr, of Dorchester, N.B. For years Laddie lived in

Boston's Statler Hotel and during World War II he had his own private bath and mail box in Mrs. Kerr's suite in the Royal York Hotel in Toronto. At that time Laddie felt flush enough to give \$200 to the Red Cross.

It would be misleading to suggest, however, that this is the golden age of cat history. Over the years the cat has experienced some tremendous ups and downs. Things have never been so good for the cat as they were in ancient Egypt where they were worshipped as gods. Nor as bad as in Europe during the Dark Ages when they were slaughtered as witches. But, after these extremes of the past, the cat may consider this to be an ideal era.

There are not as many cats in the world as there are people, but there are enough. No one knows how many. In Canada there are possibly two millions.

Some cities, like Vancouver for instance, have a surplus of cats and the SPCA is obliged to chloroform many strays. These homeless creatures comprise about 10% of the population. Another

10% belong to the upper strata of society—the pampered darlings like Prince Rahula. The great bulk of cats belong to either the middle or working class. Middle-class cats (about 30%) live with human families and enjoy a reasonably good standard of living. They can count on such tidbits as liver (the cat's caviar) and are generally disinterested in mice. Some are even bored by mice. Working-class cats (about 50%) find semi-permanent homes as mousers in office buildings, restaurants, churches, barns, stables, factories, prisons, stores and ships.

Some of these cats have been put on government or corporation payrolls. A New Jersey cat named Minnie Esso was paid \$4.20 a month by the Standard Oil Company. An Ottawa cat named Daisy Mae was classified by the civil service as an Exterminator Grade 2 and paid a dollar a month for protecting the dry volumes of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics from rats.

At times the work even has its unexpected rewards. When *Continued on page 32*

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Royal Canadian Air Force

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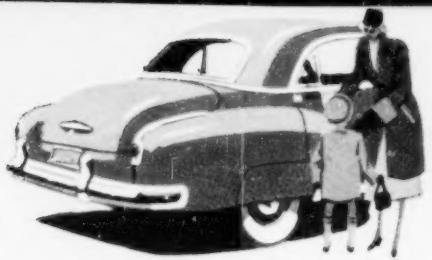
NEW Modern-Made Interiors

Upholstery and appointments of outstanding quality . . . an even more attractive steering wheel with full-circle horn ring on De Luxe models . . . and extra-generous head, leg and elbow room for six adults.

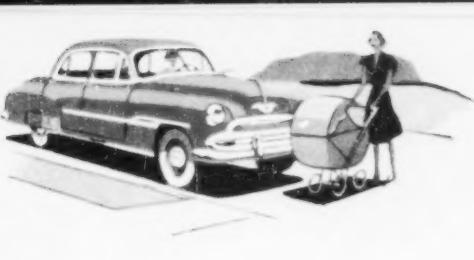


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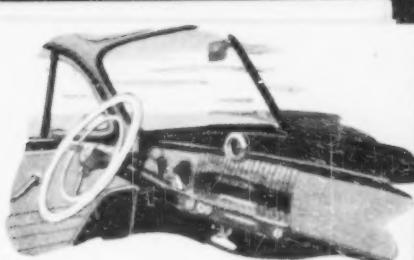
(and Centre-Point Design) Making steering even easier at low speeds or while parking . . . beyond comparison in its price range . . . an additional reason why more people buy Chevrolets than any other car.

**NEW***Longer, Lower
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Brilliant new styling . . . featuring entirely new grille, parking lights, fender mouldings and rear-end design . . . imparting that longer, lower, wider big-car look which sets Chevrolet above and apart from all other motor cars in its field.

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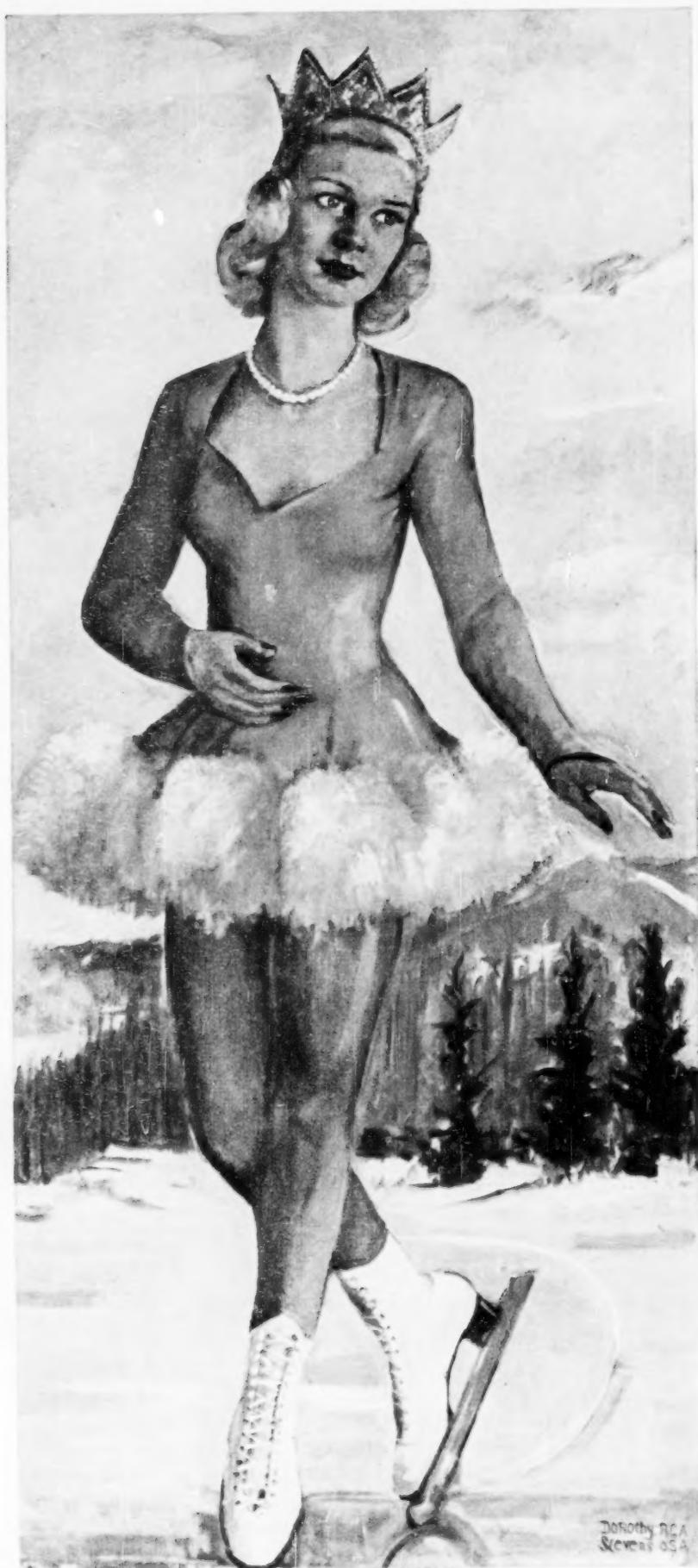
(with DublLife rivetless brake linings) Largest brakes in Chevrolet's history . . . with both brake-shoes on each wheel self-energizing for forward and reverse operation of car . . . providing maximum stopping-power with up to 25% less driver effort.

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Miss Scott, with her Avon Representative in Toronto,
Mrs. Kathleen Grant, selects her Avon Cosmetics.
Part of her selection is shown below.



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For the first time Berton talks to a brigadier without saluting.

IN THE Editors' CONFIDENCE

PIERRE BERTON, who went to Fort Lewis, Wash., to see Brigadier J. M. Rockingham in action (page 12), says that for him, as for the brigadier, it was just like old times again.

Berton spent four years in the Canadian Infantry during World War II and insists he was the best-trained soldier the Army ever had. He took almost every course there was to take, but just as he was about to go into action the war ended.

"What a waste—what a scandalous waste!" says Berton, riffling through an old pamphlet on the care and feeding of the three-inch mortar.

He had 14 embarkation leaves and on each occasion this highly trained, efficient, eager first-class fighting man bade good-bye to friends and relations with a look of steely determination in his eyes and a jest on his lips.

"Those sad good-byes began to pall a bit after the ninth or 10th time," Berton now recalls.

Invariably he was back again on another embarkation leave.

He finally did get overseas and was taking a new course on the organization of the German Army when the war ended. He promptly signed up for the Pacific and was back home again, on embarkation leave five months after he said his 14th good-bye. Most people didn't even know he'd been away.

After returning from Fort Lewis Berton walked into the office, saluted smartly and asked for embarkation leave again. Just force of habit, he told us.

• Blair Fraser, our Ottawa editor, flew around the world with stops at Cairo, New Delhi, Hong Kong, Pusan in Korea, and Tokyo, to get the stories you have been seeing in recent issues. Part of the research for the article on page 16 was done at dinner with Prime Minister Nehru. In the next issue Fraser will gather together his

impressions, his interviews and his conclusions in an over-all article on Asia and how its future affects Canada.

When we asked him about his trip he said: "If you'd rather sleep than eat, don't ever set out eastward on a trip around the world. The days can be as much as five or six hours short of the usual 24, and you hardly finish breakfast before it's time for lunch.

"Flights at modern altitudes are comfortable but you tire trying to sleep sitting up. When we got to New Delhi we had to spend a busy day, finally got to bed after having had only one hour's sleep in the '36 since leaving Cairo. Next morning, still groggy, my roommate threw open the shutters and there was a vulture perched on the roof, one baleful eye on our window.

"Another wonder of nature," he said. "I knew those birds would gather from miles away around a dying beast—but how the hell did he know we were in this particular room?"

OUR COVER



WILLIAM WINTER, who did this cover, told us he had no town and no particular street in mind. The district is a composite of many such areas to be found in any city or town. This painting brought back memories of his own boyhood in Winnipeg, where, he says, they really had snow.

Maclean's MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



ALL ABOUT EVE: There is more wit and sparkle in this adult comedy-drama than in 50 ordinary movies. It deals with a group of dedicated screwballs on the Broadway stage. A "must" for the discriminating customer.

BREAKTHROUGH: The tortuous hedge-row hopping of Uncle Sam's infantrymen through Normandy in 1944 is realistically shown in this battle picture, which makes connivance of actual combat shots. However, most of the characters are the same old military stereotypes, including the pipe-puffing "older" man (about 35) who is called "Uncle" by the whole company.

DARK CITY: Charlton Heston, a rugged recruit from television, makes a promising screen debut as one of three gamblers pursued by a dead sucker's maniacal brother. William Dieterle's resourceful direction gives the stale story, now and then, more interest than its essential quality deserves.

FRENCHIE: A conventional but frequently amusing tongue-in-cheek western starring Shelley Winters as a gambling queen who manages to be both funny and alluring at the same time. Joel McCrea, Paul Kelly and Elsa Lanchester are around to help.

THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE: Those two imperturbable stalwarts, Alastair Sim and Margaret Rutherford, lock horns as rival school principals in an immensely enjoyable British comedy. The entire cast is first-rate, and the fun hardly ever falters throughout a script in which gusto and literacy are happily wedded.

HARVEY: Hollywood's long-awaited filming of Mary Chase's stage play about the gentle alcoholic, Elwood P. Dowd, and his pal Harvey, an invisible six-foot rabbit. It's still a pleasant show, but only partly reflects the charm and humor of the original. James Stewart, as Elwood, is always likeable, but seldom poignant. Josephine Hull, as his batty sister, Veta, is utterly satisfying.

THE JACKPOT: The same Jimmy Stewart has a role much more to his measure in this vigorous comedy, as a man whose career and marriage almost go on the rocks after he wins in a radio quiz show. The prizes—just to give you an idea—include a sultry lady artist and 7,500 cans of soup.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES: A fascinating story of jungle adventure, filmed on location in Africa. Robert Surtees' color camera has vividly recorded the perils of the Dark Continent, and H. Rider Haggard's threadbare romantic plot interferes only mildly with the terrors and splendors on all sides.

MR. MUSIC: Bing Crosby's patented amiability is one of the few real assets of this much-too-long, rambling and repetitious musical. There's not a tune in it worth whistling on your way home. Groucho Marx performs, all too briefly, in a skit with Crosby.

TO PLEASE A LADY: Clark Gable as a ruthless auto racer, Barbara Stanwyck as a pampered columnist, conduct an unlikely amour interrupted by (a) violent quarrels, and (b) high-voltage excitement on the speedways. More (b) and less (a) might have made this a superior action thriller.

GILMOUR RATES

American Guerrilla in the Philippines: Adventure-romance. Fair.	Mister 880: Comedy. Excellent.
Annie Get Your Gun: Musical. Good.	Morning Departure: Sea drama. Fair.
Asphalt Jungle: Crime. Excellent.	My Blue Heaven: TV musical. Fair.
Beaver Valley: Wildlife short. Tops.	Mystery Street: Crime. Excellent.
Bicycle Thieves: Tragi-comedy. Tops.	Night and the City: Crime drama. Good.
Black Rose: Costumed drama. Poor.	No Way Out: Racial drama. Good.
Blue Lamp: Police thriller. Good.	Our Very Own: Family drama. Fair.
Born to Be Bad: Drama. Poor.	Panic in the Streets: Crime. Excellent.
Breaking Point: Melodrama. Good.	Petty Girl: Comedy and music. Good.
Broken Arrow: Western. Good.	Prelude to Fame: Music drama. Good.
Champagne for Caesar: Comedy. Fair.	Pretty Baby: Comedy. Fair.
Cinderella: Disney fantasy. Excellent.	Reformer and Redhead: Comedy. Fair.
City Lights (re-issue): Comedy. Tops.	Riding High: Turf comedy. Good.
Comanche Territory: Western. Good.	Right Cross: Boxing drama. Fair.
Convicted: Prison drama. Good.	Rio Grande: Big western. Fair.
Copper Canyon: Comic western. Fair.	711 Ocean Drive: Crime. Fair.
Crisis: Tropical suspense. Good.	Sleeping City: Crime drama. Fair.
Deported: Crime drama. Fair.	So Long to the Fair: Suspense. Fair.
Destination Moon: Space drama. Good.	So Young, So Bad: Girls in jail. Fair.
Devil's Doorway: Western. Fair.	Spy Hunt: Espionage. Fair.
Fancy Pants: Bob Hope farce. Good.	Stage Fright: Comic suspense. Good.
Farewell to Yesterday: History. Fair.	Stella: Screwball comedy. Fair.
Father of the Bride: Comedy. Good.	Summer Stock: Musical. Good.
Flame and the Arrow: Drama. Fair.	Sunset Boulevard: Drama. Tops.
Glass Menagerie: Family drama. Fair.	They Were Not Divided: War. Fair.
Harriet Craig: Comedy drama. Fair.	Three Secrets: Drama. Fair.
Hasty Heart: Tragi-comedy. Good.	Tight Little Island: Comedy. Tops.
Holy Year 1950: Rome pilgrimage. Fair.	The Titan: Art documentary. Tops.
I'll Get By: Musical farce. Fair.	Toast of New Orleans: Musical. Poor.
In a Lonely Place: Suspense. Fair.	Train of Events: Drama. Fair.
Kind Hearts and Coronets: Comedy and murders. Excellent for adults.	Treasure Island: Boy adventure. Good.
Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye: Crime. Fair.	Trio: 3 comedy-drama. Excellent.
The Lawless: Suspense drama. Good.	Tripoli: Desert melodrama. Poor.
Let's Dance: Musical. Good.	Two Fling West: Western. Good.
The Men: Hospital drama. Excellent.	Underworld Story: Crime. Poor.
The Milkman: Durante farce. Good.	Union Station: Kidnapping. Good.
	Wagonmaster: Western. Good.
	Winchester '73: Western. Good.
	Woman in Question: Whodunit. Good.



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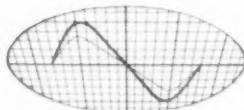
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A Hat for Billy Jim



Continued from page 19

'Come see my father's big footprints she left when she came around changing things.'"

Mary Jim looked at him in disbelief. "They wouldn't write that down!"

"Sure," said George Henry. "What do they know about Heyls? You say anything, they write it down."

"They got a box full of eyes," Billy Jim offered. "I seen it."

"Hey!" said George Henry. "Mebbe I get me a big stick and go measure them." He bowed elaborately. "Scuse me, how tall are you? Scuse me, what your father, is she all white? Scuse me, what color eye you got?" He poked and prodded an imaginary victim. "Here, thank you, 50 cent, good-by."

Mary Jim tittered.

"A whole box full of eyes," Billy said. "Did you see them?"

"Robbers!" said George Henry dramatically.

"Not real eyes," Billy added hastily. "Just eyes somebody made, that girl said."

"Hair, too," said George Henry. He stood in the tent a moment and turned and ducked out and went back to his place on the porch.

BIILY JIM got the stomach-ache that night. It didn't want to go away, and Billy lay under a blanket in the tent and made little noises of pain with his mouth shut. Finally Mary went to George Henry's wife and paid her to make some herb tea she knew about, and Billy drank as much as he could get down and by morning he had to go to the outhouse. Then the pain stopped and Billy felt pretty good, good enough so that he was outside with his cap pistol when the station wagon pulled into camp. He shot all the white people dead as they got out of the car doors, and then he sat down on the corner of the porch to watch them.

The red-haired girl smiled at him and said good morning.

"Do you want to be measured?" she asked.

Billy shook his head.

One of the men was measuring Susy Lamont. He kept saying numbers to the girl and she was writing them down. Susy was giggling in an embarrassed way. Then the man stopped a moment and turned to Billy. "Who's your father?" he asked him.

"Heyls," Billy said. Susy Lamont began to laugh out loud and then Billy laughed too.

"What's funny?" asked the red-haired girl. "Who's Heyls?"

"Nobody," said Susy Lamont.

"Nobody," echoed Billy Jim.

"His father is Double Jim," Susy said. "He's Billy Jim."

"Don't want to be measured, Billy?" asked the man. Billy shook his head and put his lips tight together.

"You could buy a lot of candy," Susy suggested, but Billy shook his head again. He sat on the porch and shut his eyes a minute. He felt as if he were still tired out from his stomach-ache, and hot all over.

"You still sick?" asked Susy.

Billy shook his head but he wasn't sure, and finally he went back to the tent and lay down.

When Double Jim came in from the hops Billy was burning with fever. He looked at his father and said, "I want a cowboy hat."

"That's all he says." Mary was kneeling and rubbing his forehead.

"Get me a cowboy hat," said Billy, fretfully.

The late afternoon sun was still hot and there were a few flies inside the tent. Billy didn't seem to notice when they walked on his face; Mary sat and brushed them away. Double Jim stared moodily out at the hop-fields, making up his mind.

"I want a cowboy hat," Billy said again.

"Where's Paul and Joe?" Double Jim asked his wife.

"Store," said Mary. "Paul got Billy some pop but he only drank half of it. They went back to watch that measuring."

Double Jim was fishing in his pockets. "How much money you got?"

"Just food money," Mary said.

"I'm goin' into town when stores open tomorrow," he said. Mary understood him and held out what money she had, but he shook his head. "You keep that. I'm gonna get some extra." He hitched in his belt. "Paul and Joe get measured?" he asked.

"You told them no," Mary answered.

"I want a cowboy hat," whimpered Billy.

Double Jim went out.

MARY looked up to see the red-haired girl at the door of the tent. The girl hesitated a moment and then stooped and came in.

"I'm sorry Billy is sick," she said. "What's wrong?"

"He's burning," Mary said. She didn't like this white girl, and still she felt ashamed of the ragged blanket Billy was lying on, and then she was ashamed, too, of not liking the girl. Mary brushed a fly from Billy's forehead. He was whining a little.

"I've got some aspirin," the girl said. "Sometimes that helps break a fever. Do you suppose Billy could get one down?"

Mary shrugged. "I dunno."

"Do you have a glass of water, or something?"

Mary handed her the half-finished bottle of strawberry pop. It was already warm.

The girl knelt on the ground and took the aspirin tablet out of a little box from her shirt pocket. It was the last one; she handed the box to Billy. He looked at it with a flicker of interest but he was too tired to snap it open and shut again.

"You open your mouth and swallow this with a big drink of pop," the girl said. Billy kept his mouth shut. "It'll help you feel better." His large, dark eyes looked filmy and dull. The girl blinked back tears.

Mary, watching her resentfully, felt uneasy. "Open your mouth," she told Billy. The girl handed her the aspirin and she put it in Billy's mouth. The girl propped him up and Mary held the pop bottle to his lips.

"You get well now," the red-haired girl said to Billy. "You get well so you can go out and shoot your cap gun." She stood up to go. Billy turned his head away and the aspirin box slipped out of his hand.

DOUBLE JIM drank down his orange pop and put the empty bottle on the store counter. He nodded at One-Arm Charley, who was standing on the porch and smoking. Paul and Joe were talking to two Cowichan

Indian girls from Vancouver Island; the girls were giggling and nudging each other while the boys kept sober, sullen faces.

"You, Paul, Joe," he called, jerking his head as a summons. They looked up at him and nodded curtly at the girls, who watched them leave and then fell to whispering with their heads close together.

"We gonna get measured," Double Jim said.

"What for?"

"I'm goin' in town tomorrow," Double Jim said. "You help out so we get something for Billy."

"He won't eat or drink nothin'," Paul objected. "He felt okay this morning. Why don't Mary have Lucy Henry make him some more of that medicine?"

"Aw, it don't really do no good," Joe said. "You oughta get Mr. Dodge to get the doctor."

"I'm not goin' to Mr. Dodge," said Double Jim.

"He ain't that sick anyway," Paul argued. "The stomach-ache's gone, ain't it? You gonna get him a cowboy hat?"

Double Jim cleared his throat and walked over to the people from the station-wagon. George Henry was sitting on the porch with his hat down over his face but Double Jim felt disapproval coming from his hidden eyes right through the brim of his hat.

"How much you pay?" he asked the older man. He knew how much already.

"Fifty cents for everybody over 18, and a quarter for kids."

"I'm a big man, worth a dollar maybe," said Double Jim.

The man laughed. He stood half a foot taller than Double Jim. "Fifty cents," he said, good-naturedly.

"Okay," said Double Jim.

The man bent over and took some of the instruments from the porch. "Jean," he called to the red-haired girl, "here's a customer."

"You're Mr. Jim," she said. She



held a sheaf of papers on a clip-board. "James Jim," he said. "You measure my kids, too, Paul and Joe."

He stood unnaturally stiff, hating suddenly even to have his own kids watching him, hating the white man who could look down at the crown of his head. He burned with shame inside but he looked past the man's shoulder to the rows of hops, and kept his face and himself unbetrayed. He did not dare to see whether George Henry was watching.

Be a big man with your own people, he said to himself, but then you got to trade your bigness for some white man's money when you need it. No matter, think about Cowboy Billy Jim.

He rolled up his sleeve to expose the pale-toast colored skin of his upper arm; looked expressionless into the man's narrow, intent face when he took the tray of eyes from the store porch; told the girl where his father and mother were from and their fathers and mothers and the two great-grandparents he knew about. His throat was dry when they finished. He could hardly bear to hold out his hand for the 50 cent piece; it was hard to walk away slowly and with dignity. When

he went past the corner of the porch George Henry lifted his hat but did not speak to him; but One-Arm Charley laughed good-humoredly.

"Eh, Jim," he said, "they find out how close you are to a monkey?"

In the tent, he sat down heavily beside Billy Jim. "You go get measured," he told his wife, and she rose. "One-Arm Charley he jokes," said Double Jim bitterly. "What's the matter I can't?"

She touched his shoulder gently.

THREE was a big game that night but Double Jim wouldn't even go out of the tent. He sat beside Billy. The noise of the game filled the camp: the big lights were on by the store and the two rows of players knelt facing each other, beating on the boards and singing. Maybe if he had bet something—but then he might lose it all instead of winning; two days in a row now he had cashed in his hops tickets and then lost it all.

Billy Jim tossed on the ragged blanket. "Get me a cowboy hat," he whined. "In the morning," said Double Jim. "Mebbe you feel good enough I take you along, huh?" Mebbe you feel bad enough I got to take you to the doctor in town, he thought. Mary was out getting something from Lucy Henry. He bit down hard on his anger, thinking of the girl coming in and giving Billy the aspirin; maybe it wasn't the right thing at all.

HE WATCHED Billy Jim all night, until, with so little warning, he did not have to watch any more. Then he took the white man's money out of his pocket: three 50 cent pieces, one for James Jim, one for Mary Jim, one for Paul Jim who was nineteen, and a quarter for Joe. He sat and looked at it in his palm, cold and fishbelly-shiny in the grey light before sunup. Mary was crying; Paul and Joe had fallen asleep.

He was waiting when the station-wagon came. He went to the older man while they were still getting their equipment out of the back of the car. He held out his hand with the money.

"You give me what you got yesterday," he said.

The man looked at him, frowning in puzzlement. "What?"

"You give me the papers with the things written on about me and my family," said Double Jim. "I give you your money back." The girl, standing there with her clipboard of papers, drew in her breath sharply and bit her lip. Double Jim spoke to her. "My boy, Billy Jim, he died," he said.

"Good Lord, didn't you people get a doctor in?" asked the man, and then he softened his voice. "I'm—I'm sorry," he said. "But surely you'll need the money, then. I don't quite understand . . ."

The girl was thumbing the papers and at last pulled four from the pile.

"Wait a minute," the man said. "Listen here, Jean, we're having a hard enough time getting a series together, can't we convince him?"

"You give me the papers, I give you back the money," insisted Double Jim.

"Now, surely the papers won't do you any good. They aren't anything we've taken away from you, Jean, be sensible."

"Here you are, Mr. Jim," the girl said, holding out the papers. She took the money and dropped it into her shirt pocket.

Double Jim stood there a moment with the papers in his hand, and then he folded them across once and slowly tore them up into small pieces and dropped them on the ground, and walked away. ★

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SUMPTUOUS SWEET-FILLED BRAID (Makes 2 large braids)

Scald

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup granulated sugar
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt
3 tablespoons shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. In the meantime, measure into a large bowl

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm water
1 teaspoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of

1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal

Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well; stir in cooled milk mixture and

1 well-beaten egg

2 cups once-sifted bread flour
and beat until smooth; work in

$2\frac{1}{4}$ cups (about) once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught and let rise until doubled in bulk.

While dough is rising, combine

1 slightly-beaten egg
2 tablespoons cream
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups brown sugar (lightly pressed down)
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sifted dry bread crumbs
1 cup finely-chopped filberts
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup chopped candied peel

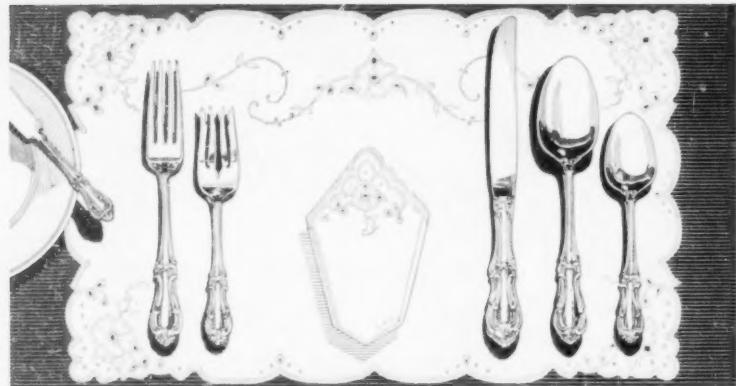
Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each

piece into an oblong 10 inches long and $\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide; loosen dough. Spread each oblong with

2 tablespoons soft butter or margarine

and spread with the filbert mixture. Beginning at a long edge, roll up each piece, jelly-roll fashion; seal edges and ends. Roll out into oblongs 12 inches long and 6 inches wide; loosen dough. Cut each oblong into 3 lengthwise strips to within an inch of one end. Braid strips, seal the ends and tuck them under braids. Place on greased cookie sheets. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375° , about 25 minutes. Cool. Fill crevices of braids with thick jam or butterscotch cream filling; frost with confectioners' icing and sprinkle with coarsely-chopped filberts.





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What's a Home Without a Cat?

Continued from page 24

Jack Fetick sold his Los Angeles bar he knocked \$500 off the price on the condition that the buyer would promise to take care of Lucky, his cat. This condition was stipulated in the bill of sale.

Getting along with people is important to cats, who like to take a lively part in human affairs. But the fact is that some people like cats and some don't. Some people are downright crazy about them, others hate them.

The cat is undoubtedly the eccentric's best friend and, of course, has always been the classic companion of childless women and lonely spinsters.

Eccentrics have bequeathed far more money to cats than to dogs. In Sacramento a cat named Lily was left \$5,000 by its mistress. A Wisconsin railroad engineer, Morton Shirk, left his house and furnishings and 40 shares of stock to his cat, Casey Jones. He also appointed legal counsel for the cat. But Casey disappeared and before Shirk's estate could be divided among his relatives a judge had to declare the cat legally dead.

One of Vancouver's best-known cat lovers left instructions that her 15 purebred Persians be put to death. This request was carried out over the vigorous protest of organized cat fanciers who claimed the best breeding stock in Western Canada was being exterminated.

All of these people were confirmed aelurophiles. Which means they preferred cats to any other animal and possibly to any human being.

Koo Low, an elderly Vancouver Chinese, represents another type of eccentric cat lover. Some years ago when Koo's shack burned down it was discovered he had been sheltering 60 cats—possibly a world record. Said Koo: "I am kind to them so I can go to heaven." Cat lovers rallied around and raised funds to rebuild his shack.

The other extremists, those who have a deep and abiding hatred for cats, are called aelurophobes, though cat lovers say simply that anyone who hates cats is a rat.

Some aelurophobes are actually afraid of cats and may even collapse at the mere sight of one. Scientists are not agreed on what may cause this phobia, but some psychologists say it's likely rooted in some unfortunate childhood experience. (People who have a physical aversion to cats because they are allergic to the animal's fur are not necessarily cat haters.)

Among cat haters there undoubtedly are a few people who are just naturally cruel. This was probably the case with the man who during World War II kicked a Harlem cat, breaking its jaw, because the cat had a peculiar mustache which made it look like Hitler.

A Seattle woman, Mrs. Ellen Dilworth, caused alarm among cat lovers when she rented a trap from the American Humane Society for 25 cents a day and began a private war on cats. Her best bag was eight in a week.

Bird lovers understandably loathe cats. The Friends of Birds Inc. recently pressured the Illinois Legislature into passing a bill that required the licensing and leashing of cats. In the nick of time the governor vetoed the bill.

Quite apart from these avowed enemies, there are a lot of people who just don't like cats. A certain newspaperman simply says he doesn't like them "because of the way they go

pussyfooting about the house." But the most common complaint seems to be that cats are aloof, self-centred, indolent, stubborn and completely lacking in warmth, loyalty and intelligence.

Cat lovers usually reply that what these people seek in a pet are attributes not actually to be found in any animal, at least to any marked degree.

People who deprecate the cat's intelligence usually have in mind dogs who fetch slippers or the mail, who retrieve pheasants, who beg for food or who scare the trousers off the postman whenever he approaches.

The cat admirer says, "True, cats may not submit to any of these indignities. Cats are willing to be our companions, but our slaves, never!"

The people who like and keep cats find them fascinating and, above all, they appreciate the cat's desire to live his own life and let you live yours.

Cats have great dignity and pride and are admired for both. They are often beautiful and usually know it. They are inscrutable, mysterious, and here, perhaps, lies their strongest appeal. This mystery intrigues anyone of imagination as it must have intrigued Sir Walter Scott when he wrote, "Cats are a mysterious kind of folk. There is more passing in their minds than we are aware."

The Poor Man's Tiger

Some people claim to prefer the cat as a pet because it has been influenced only superficially by domestication. A cat prowling stealthily about the house conjures up thoughts in their minds of a wild beast stalking its jungle prey. Méry, the French satirist, probably had this in mind when he wrote, "God made the cat to give man the pleasure of caressing the tiger."

All cats belong to one of the most fearsome tribes in the animal kingdom, the family Felidae. Lions, tigers, leopards, puma, lynx and bobcats are among the cat's 40 or 50 relatives. The cat appeared on earth about 50 million years ago, long before man came down out of the trees. It is an Arab belief that the cat originated when a lion on Noah's Ark sneezed and a cat leaped out of its nostril.

All modern cats are classified as either long-haired or short-haired.

The long-haired cat is known colloquially as the Persian. Once the king of the cats was the Angora but through inter-breeding with the Persian it has lost its identity. The pure white Persian with blue eyes is perhaps the most decorative of the breed, but strangely many of these are born stone deaf.

Most alley and household cats are short-haired but this group also includes such exotic Oriental breeds as the Siamese, Burmese and Abyssinian as well as that mystifying oddity, the tailless Manx. (No one really knows how it lost its tail.)

The Siamese, the most affectionate and most fascinating of short-haired cats, is rapidly winning new admirers in Canada. It is an elegant creature with deep chocolate or blue points on a fawn or beige ground and has lopid blue eyes. Some are born cross-eyed and with kinky tails. Siamese cats possess an unearthly cry resembling that of a monkey.

The most rare short-hairs in North America are the Burmese and Abyssinian cats. The Burmese, usually walnut or chocolate brown, can be trained to run at heel and to wear a leash. The Abyssinian has soft thick fur like a hare and is known for the black, brown or grey tip on each hair.

No animal has experienced such fluctuating fortunes as has the cat since it began its first known associa-

tion with man about 4,000 or 5,000 years ago.

Early Egyptians realized the economic value of these animals who protected their vast granaries and they worshipped the cat as a god, built huge stone temples for them to live in, and celebrated annual cat holidays. Our word "puss" is believed by some authorities to be a corruption of *Pasht*, name of a feline goddess.

The Original "Whip the Cat"

Beloved pets often wore delicate gold earrings and elaborate necklaces. Fish were kept in special tanks to feed them. Killing a cat was punishable by death. The Persians won an important military victory over the Egyptians by flinging live cats over the walls of the stronghold of Pelusium. The defending troops were thrown into such a religious panic they were easily overwhelmed.

When their cat died a mourning Egyptian family would invite all the neighbors to a lively wake. The dead cat was embalmed and buried in a special graveyard. Often a mummified mouse would be buried with it.

In Wales in 936 A.D. a prince enacted laws for the protection of cats and set the legal price of a good mouser at fourpence.

By the 15th century persecution of the cat, because of its supposed Satanic nature and its association with evil spirits and witches, was well under way. Cats were slaughtered by the thousands in every cruel way man could devise. They were roasted slowly over Lenten fires, dipped in oil and set ablaze, were placed in leather sacks and strung from trees as targets for medieval marksmen, hurled from towers, crucified, scalded, skinned alive, and beaten to death with whips.

A tourist attraction of the Shrop-

Continuity

Man may work from sun to sun,
But when he's done, he's *really* done.

Woman's work may be diminished,
But never, *never*, NEVER finished.

—Ivan J. Collins.

shire town of Albrighton was the Shrovetide fete o' whipping a cat to death on the public green and was advertised thus:

The finest pastime that is under
the sun
Is whipping the cat at Albrighton.

Gradually, as Europe emerged from the Dark Ages, the cat was able to reclaim its place in human society and ever since has managed to enlarge its beachhead.

Most anti-cat propaganda today originates in Hollywood. Cats are always the villains in the cartoons while the mouse (or sometimes a canary) is pictured as a cute, engaging little chap. At least a generation of children have been raised on this pap, quite unaware of the fact that "Felix the Cat" was a beloved hero of the silent screen long before the first squeak was heard out of a movie mouse.

Live cats have been given a better break in the movies. During World War II a Vancouver cat called Ulysses, owned by Jean Ramsay, received \$50 a day for acting in a film.

Cats can usually count on a good Press. The three outstanding cats-in-the-news during 1950 were an American cat, a Swiss cat and a Spanish cat.

Toby, a Washington cat that tippled on Napoleon brandy, drew an official letter of apology from a federal judge who had insulted all cats during a damage suit hearing involving two dogs and a cat (not Toby). The judge spoke well of dogs, mentioning that it was a dog that licked the wounds of Lazarus and that Rin Tin Tin was a movie star, but said nothing nice about cats. Toby's master read about it in the papers and wrote the judge, in Toby's name, demanding he take it all back. He did publicly, and promised next time to give cats a better break.

The Swiss cat, a nameless kitten of 10 months, astounded alpinists by scaling the 14,780-foot Matterhorn on its own. A party of climbers actually saw the cat ascend and descend the mountain and watched it feed on fat, lazy mice at 12,550 feet.

Angolina, the Spanish cat, threw panic into bird lovers by being born with a pair of wings. A dusty grey Persian, Angolina arrived with long fur-covered wings sprouting from the middle of her back, but she couldn't fly.

Windsor's Cat and Mouse

There are a lot of popular misconceptions about cats. Many people think the cat can see in total darkness. No. It is true, though, that they can see as well in semi-darkness as in daylight.

Mothers shoo cats away from sleeping babies because they fear the cat will suffocate the baby by curling up on its face. There is no authentic case of this happening on record.

Many folks believe a cat's whiskers are the approximate width of his body and are used to measure openings through which it wishes to pass. The whiskers are there to guide the cat in the dark.

The life span of cats is also a surprise to most people who think that a cat of eight or nine years is old. Many cats reach 15, which is comparable to a human age of 65 or 70. Quite a number live till 20 and a few to 30. A world record was claimed in 1946 for a London, Ont., Persian called Snooky when it reached 32.

Everyone knows cats don't have nine lives, but whether the cat has ever been informed of this is open to question. A Detroit cat was nailed in a crate with a diesel engine and shipped to Cairo 41 days without food or water. When the crate was opened the cat was nursing four kittens. It had stayed alive by licking grease from the engine and by eating 50 pages of an instruction manual.

Cats can form friendships with man, bird or beast. Boots, a black cat, and Mike, a white mouse, romp together in a Windsor café. An Edmonton cat caught a mouse and brought it home and made a pet of it. Taggie, a Seattle Persian, did the same with a baby swallow. Mother cats often adopt orphan pups, rabbits, skunks, and even baby rats and mice and nurse them along with their own kittens.

All in all, the cat is a friendly, often useful and, at times, an entertaining creature. Even those who don't particularly love cats may find the picture of one curled up in front of a blazing fire cozy and inviting.

It was probably such a thought that caused Mark Twain to write: "A home without a cat, and a well-fed, well-petted, and properly revered cat, may be a perfect home, perhaps, but how can it prove its title?" ★

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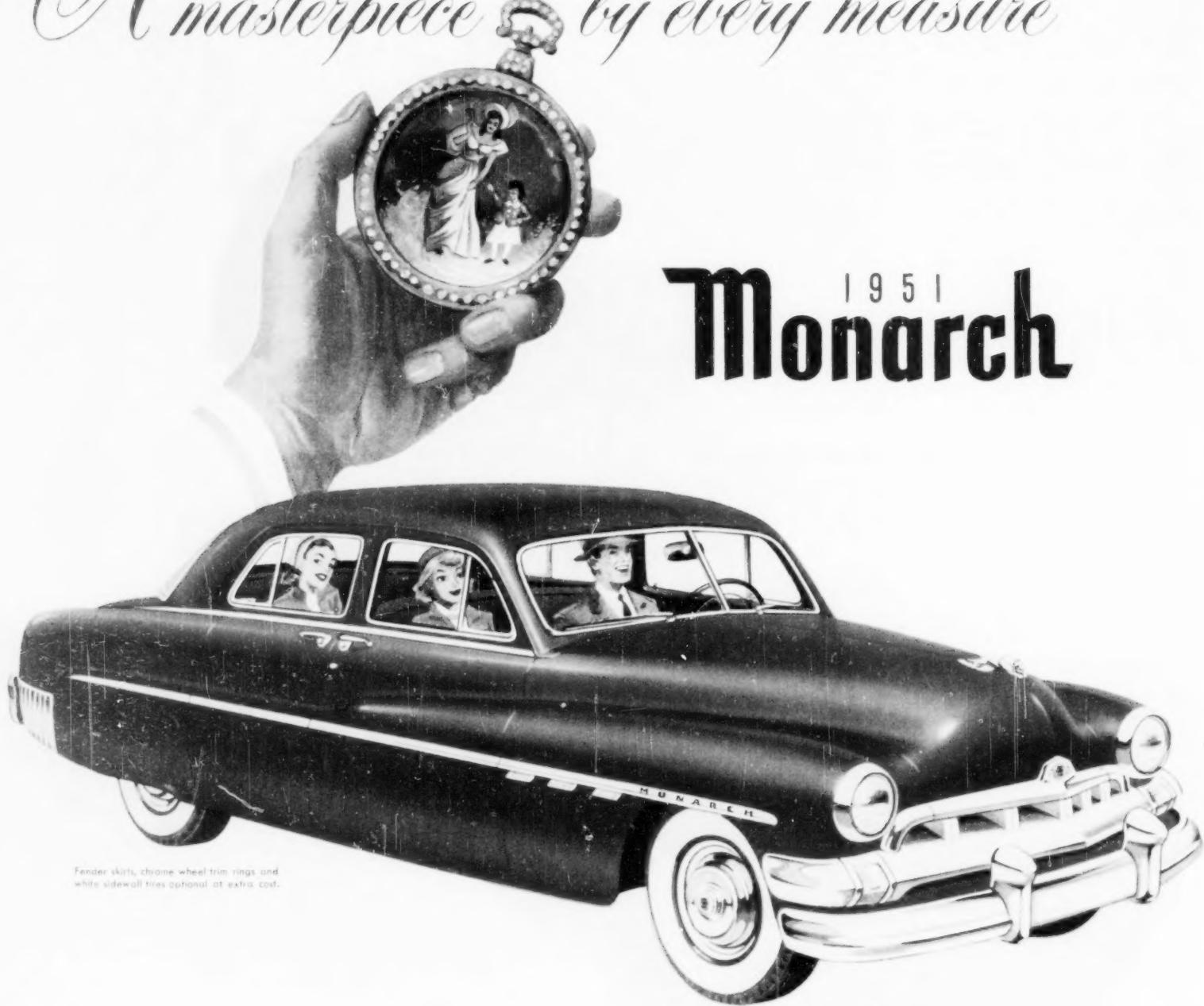


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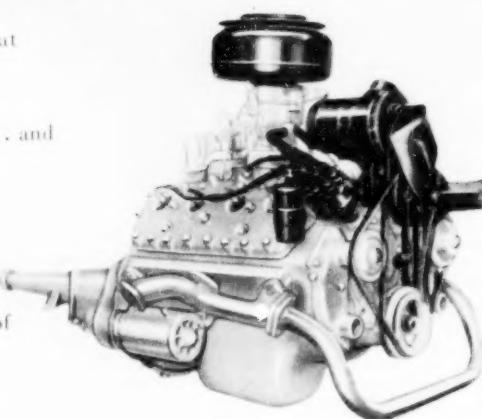
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Hockey's Happy Scapegoat

Continued from page 22

guarding the centre and extremities of the blue line.

The forward pass broke it up. Now hockey has become a sort of refrigerated rush hour, the nets are slit trenches and the men who guard them padded acrobats.

Seasons were stretched from 44 games to 50, then 60 and finally 70; rules were relaxed again to allow forward passing half the length of the rink and what the rulemakers planned for they got—goals came in dozen lots. Where Hainsworth allowed only 43 goals in 44 games in 1928-29, New York Rangers in 1943-44 were scored on 310 times in 50 games.

The casualty rate among goalkeepers was understandably high, but Broda reveled in the work. There have been several turnovers of goalies in the NHL since he broke in 15 years ago and none of his opponents then is around today. Frank Brimsek and Bill Durnan, who came after he did to build fine reputations, have retired.

Mental toil isn't likely to end his long career either. That will end the day Broda's remarkable reflexes fail to respond to the messages of his 20-20 vision. In spite of his bulk he has a quickness and agility that is less spectacular than sufficient. Over the years he has acquired a knowledge of angles leading from any part of the ice to his cage.

Broda makes most of his saves by instinct. He's not a great throbbing brain, which probably explains his immunity to neurosis. Defenseman Jim Thomson, who has played in front of Broda for four years, observes: "When brains were handed out 'Old Slippery' was away playing goal some place. If he hadn't been, the pressure would have killed him by now."

Players have called Broda "Slippery" or "Slip" for the past four seasons after several unprofitable experiences in card games on Leafs' overnight train rides.

His goalkeeping ability often has been a point of public controversy but a year ago Broda himself was placed on the griddle—almost literally. Injuries bogged the Maple Leafs near mid-season and Smythe announced that overweight players would be benched. He proclaimed that Turk, then a bulging 197, was out of the lineup until he got down to 190.

This item was given front-page play by Toronto's hockey-conscious Press. Diet charts were published and Broda's wife was interviewed by society editors for a calorie-by-calorie report on every meal. Broda faced newspaper cameras in every conceivable reducing contrivance from a steam bath to a rowing machine. The climax to this lavish overplay of news was the Toronto Star's triumphant two-inch, page one headline, BRODA HITS 190. And that night Turk shut out Detroit, 2-0.

Such publicity has made Broda one of the best-known athletes in Canada. He had been singled out by Smythe as a scapegoat but his gnomelike features and painful struggle to shed weight somehow twisted the situation so that Turk's ordeal tweaked the little man in everyone.

He's always been driven hard by his bosses—often for his own best interests—because he's easy-going and good-natured and if Smythe didn't ride herd on him Broda might easily blossom to 220 pounds. Smythe owns a sand-and-gravel business and employs Broda in summer as a truck driver to keep him in physical trim. A large part of these truck-driving hours are spent

answering "Hi, Turks" that greet him everywhere and one time it paid off in more than good will. Broda sailed through an amber traffic light and tied up cars and trucks in four directions. An angry policeman, descending on the centre of the snarl, stopped and grinned when he saw the driver.

"Hi, Turk," he beamed. "How's the weight?"

Because all Toronto's Saturday night games are broadcast on a coast-to-coast network Broda has acquired a strong following through his native Prairies, on the West Coast, where he has barnstormed in post-playoff junkets, and through the Maritimes.

Christened Walter Edward, he's a blocky, heavy-boned man of five foot nine whose most frequent expression is one of surprise. He has a habit when talking of arching his eyebrows and wrinkling his forehead and while his tongue moves at a swift, though not always coherent, gait it is reasonable to say he does 50% of his talking with his hands. If someone asks him how a shot happened to elude him he'll jump to his feet and take up his goalkeeping stance. He'll go through every motion he made, gesturing with his right hand to indicate the position of the opposing forward and his conversation will run something like this:

"I'm down like this, see, an' I know I've got the short side blocked, see, but as he comes in from here I move my leg right here, see, and damned if it doesn't slide off his stick as I'm goin' across and I try to get back and she slips right by here. See?"

Turk was born May 15, 1914, in Brandon, Man., a city of 18,500. He is the fifth of six children, five of them boys, reared by Joseph Broda, a Polish immigrant who worked as a brewery laborer. None of the other boys stayed long in hockey and only Turk became a professional player. The oldest child, Jessie, still lives in Brandon. The boys, Louis, Stanley, Andrew and Philip, are divided between Toronto and Winnipeg. Lou and Stan work at Maple Leaf Gardens.

Turk learned to skate almost as soon as he learned to walk, moving onto the frozen Assiniboine River or the outdoor rink at David Livingstone Public School with his brothers. Being

younger and therefore a less expert skater, little Walter was thrust into goal because it required less skating. Turk still is freckled but as a boy his face was blotched like a turkey egg. Hence the nickname Turkey, later abbreviated.

He played goal for David Livingstone and aspired one day to play for Chicago Black Hawks. A family friend, Johnny Zyllich, visited Chicago each winter and he would return with tales of the brilliant Charlie Gardiner and the magnificent Chicago Stadium.

Zyllich encouraged the youngster, taught him the rudiments of goalkeeping, but as late as 1932 the lad had gained no recognition from junior teams. Times were hard and he went to work on a government-sponsored relief project, working on new roads and cutting trees in Riding Mountain National Park.

Bought Broda for \$8,000

He might be there yet except for an accident. Brandon had a junior team called the Native Sons challenging for the Manitoba championship and on the eve of the final series it was discovered the goalie, Allan Mills, was two days over the 20 years age limit. A Brandon newspaperman, Howard ("Krug") Crawford, remembered Broda and a hurry-up call was sent to the relief camp. With Turk in goal the Native Sons surprised the favored Winnipeg juniors, losing the first game 4 to 2 but winning the second 5 to 1 and the total-goals series 7 to 5.

Brandon reached the Western final against Regina Pats. They were defeated but Turk was so impressive that Harry Neil, coach of Winnipeg Monarchs, asked Broda to play for his team the next season. Inducements included jobs in a Winnipeg brewery for Turk, one brother and his father.

The Monarchs were rebuilding with youngsters and were no match for their opponents. But it was rich experience for Turk who'd miss as many as 10 shots in a game but stop as many as 60. He was confident too, even after the team lost its 13th straight game, this by a score of 11 to 2. He clomped into the dressing room in his pads, surveyed the downcast players and

beamed: "Never mind, gang; can't win 'em all."

His work attracted Detroit scouts and he spent the 1934-35 season as the spare goalie for the Red Wings and their Canadian-American league farm, Detroit Olympics, improving his play as he practiced against John Ross Roach, of the Wings, and Dolly Dolson, of the Olympics. The next year, with Roach retiring and Dolson moving up to replace him, Turk became the Olympic goalie and here the course of his career was changed.

The league's outstanding goal prospect was Earl Robertson, of Windsor Bulldogs, who later went to New York Americans. Conn Smythe, looking for a backstop for Hainsworth, went to Windsor to scout Robertson. The Bulldogs were playing the Olympics and it was a bad night for Robertson. The Olympics whipped his team 8 to 1 and outspoken Smythe chided those who had been praising Robbie.

"Why," Smythe concluded, "that kid in the other goal is a better prospect."

"He is," smiled "Jolly John" Adams, the Red Wing brain.

"Certainly he is," retorted Smythe. "Then I'll sell him to you," said Adams.

And when the Olympics ended their season, winning the Can-Am championship, he did—for \$8,000.

Half goaded into purchase of Broda and half convinced the player had a big league potential, Smythe set to work to justify his snap judgment. In fall training he sent wave after wave of Leaf players skimming in on Broda, rifling the puck at him, and he worked on the youngster's flaws, berating, chiding, praising, upbraiding, applauding. Smythe opened the 1936-37 season by alternating Hainsworth and Broda and after eight games he announced Turk had won the job.

Broda had a penchant for blowing the easy shots, high lifts from outside the blue lines, and fans raucously roared his erratic play. But he was outstanding on close-in efforts and neither Smythe nor Turk ever faltered in their determination to make him a star.

One night Boston Bruins walloped the Leafs 9 to 1 in Toronto and the Broda bell ought to have tolled. But Turk, with the effervescence of his junior days, was irrepressible in the dressing room. "We're gonna be all right," he announced after the shellacking. "Even Tiny Thompson can't shut us out."

But it was sound goalkeeping, not wit and good humor, that finally won him the Vezina trophy in 1940-41.

Turk enlisted with the Royal Canadian Artillery and served for two and a half years in England, Normandy and Holland. His only injury was not the result of German shells: he broke an ankle in a softball game.

In the 1947-48 season he won the Vezina again.

Under hockey's unique system of bonus payments Turk had his best financial year that season, augmenting his salary with \$6,200 in bonuses. He gained the league's \$1,000 reward for winning the Vezina and another \$1,000 from the same source for being selected on the All-Star team. The club matched these bonuses and Turk collected the final \$2,200 as his share of the Stanley Cup winnings.

Turk, father of three girls, Barbara, Bonnie and Betty, married blond, pretty Betty Williams, of Toronto, in the spring of 1939.

Last summer for a spell he was a salesman for John Labatt Ltd., brewers, and may take that job permanently when his weight no longer is the concern of Smythe and the NHL's sharpshooters—say about 1960. ★



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I Live With Six Women

Continued from page 15

tree. I jumped into my outboard and started after them.

Mile after mile I dodged down the dark river, shaving deadheads and buoys, and coming dangerously close to rocks (the girls had taken my only flashlights). Occasionally I would cut the motor and shout their names, only to have the echoes reverberate back in breathless shivers. "My daughters!" I sobbed to the night. "My five beautiful daughters—drowned!"

At last, far away in an island-studded bay, I saw a fire reflected in the dark still water. I made for it like an Indian who has just remembered where he cached the firewater. I found my girls eating hot-dogs. Lorna waved as if we'd just run into one another at the corner drugstore. "Hi!" she called between bites.

"Aren't you surprised to see me?" I asked, trembling with relief.

"Why should we be?" Nora munched. "We knew you'd come."

"How did you know?"

"We knew you'd be worried," Jolyn said.

"Where are your tents?"

"We haven't put them up yet."

"Why?"

"We knew you'd be here," Lorna answered, wrapping up another wiener in a bun.

Eight Cats—And He Was Allergic

Boys and men are the real hero worshippers. To a girl a hero is apt to be simply someone who puts the ashes out. A friend of mine holds his three sons starry-eyed for hours telling them how he used to score goals back in the days when he played college hockey. It's pure tripe, but it goes over. I decided I'd show my daughters how I used to do it. I'd even teach them to play.

I bought hockey sticks, outfits, and made a rink in the back yard. It gave the girls a wonderful idea—to sit on the end of the sticks while I dragged them around.

Being the father of five daughters can bring complications that can only be appreciated by the father of five daughters. For instance, there's the matter of sex education.

The best way to teach them the facts of life, I decided, was to have pets. So we had dogs, cats, rabbits, white rats, white mice, birds, fish and two geese named Honker and Bonker. They were to mate and have babies, which they did, the rats especially. They numbered about 120 at peak breeding time which always seemed at its peak. In a grim fight for survival we put them in the garage and kept the car outside. They overflowed to the yard, sometimes to the street. I've crawled after them along the sidewalk in early morning past the legs of squealing commuters.

The only thing we cut down on was cats. One time when we had eight it was discovered I was allergic to cat fur. We got rid of four so that I could go around only half sick.

Actually the boy-meets-daughter situation was less painful than I'd anticipated. Maybe it was because it was so sudden. One morning during the war I awoke to the sound of hoarse shouts and laughter and discovered that a vacant building next door, formerly a girls' school, had been taken over by the RCAF.

In an incredibly short time the boys had discovered my five daughters. Then they were crowding into our old-fashioned kitchen in platoons, calling me "Sir" whenever I worked my

way out of the corner but otherwise getting along fine without me. Nevertheless, I got attached to those boys—Dandy, a trumpeter, who used to bring his horn and who nearly beat his feet through the kitchen linoleum; Bill, a lad so big he made my formerly impressive six-foot-three seem so insignificant that my daughters started telling me I needed vitamins; Shorty, a sawed-off guy who always felt "awful" yet who always won all the track meets. And there was Walter, a slender, lonesome, pathetic chap who had ineffable longing in his eyes.

Soon after this we moved to a newer part of town and the girls began being followed home by large numbers of young men from high school. I recall counting 11 of them milling about in front of the house one evening. I couldn't take it. I bellowed to them either to come in or beat it. They all came in.

Another time when my car was being fixed a young man who stood with me waiting for the morning bus pointed to my own house and said: "See that house there. It's full of girls."

I showed appropriate middle-aged interest. He went on: "My God, you should see them. There's one in there gets on the bus just about now. What a babe!"

Just then Lorna came running out of the house and crossed toward us. "There she is now," the young man said. "See what I mean?"

Lorna had reached us. "Hey, Dad," she said. "Haven't you gone yet?"

The young fellow flushed painfully and buried his face in his paper. He didn't get on the bus with us. I've seen him since but he always avoids me.

There are other complications to the boy-meets-daughter situation. One time on a fishing trip I struck up a friendship with a young chap named Bob. We found that we'd both fished the same lakes and got to swapping stories that had nothing to do with fishing. We howled with laughter.

Two days later Bob visited me at my cottage. As we sat on the porch Jolyn walked by in shorts. My girls in shorts have always made strong youths tremble.

"Who is that?" Bob exclaimed.

"Nice, isn't she?" I murmured, almost strangling with parental pride. "That's Jo, one of my kids."

There was a silence, growing cooler by the second. I could see an imagination-lovely-thing-being-daughter-of-this-dirty-old-man look come into Bob's eyes and soon he bade me a stiff "Good night" and went home. He contrived to meet Jo, of course, but whenever he called on her he addressed me as "Sir," with a slight sneer. Soon he switched to "Mr. Greer," and finally married Jo and stopped calling me anything—out loud.

Recently Jo and Bob broke the Greer tradition by having a boy, a cute, curly-headed little tyke. I went down to a little furnished hole behind the furnace where I do my painting and dug up that American Flyer. It was underneath a carton of old dolls. I began to feel a bit sad as I put the dolls aside and began to set up the train. It was the first time since my marriage that a new baby hadn't been a girl.

I began thinking of all the good times we'd had together, of the way my girls could split wood, toss a plug, paddle a canoe, ride a horse and swim better than most men; of the way they'd mothered snakes, frogs, crickets, toads and everything that flew, jumped or crawled; of the beautiful drawings of animal life and landscapes they'd done.

And I finally found myself playing with those damnable dolls! I guess I forgot to mention—I like girls. ★

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Nehru—Giant of Asia

Continued from page 16

defeated—yes, you might defeat any of our armies in the field. But you can't conquer a people any more. Asian people do not submit as they used to do. They stand up and fight."

Naturally, most Westerners don't like his attitude. This is unfortunate for India, which is in desperate need of financial help. It is also unfortunate for us. Whether we know it or not we're in desperate need of political support among the peoples of Asia. India is militarily weak and is resolved not to be a military ally in any case, but she has all the prestige of leadership in the politics of Asia.

The West must take India on Nehru's terms or not at all. Whatever we may think of his views he speaks for his people more surely than any other political leader in the whole free world.

"When a peasant goes to cast his vote," an Indian reporter said, "he doesn't ask 'What is the policy of this party?' He asks 'Which party is Nehru?' That's all he wants to know."

The reason is simple enough: the people trust this man.

Freedom in many ways has been disillusion for India. The British have gone and yet Indians are still poor, still hungry. In the lower ranks of their government, their own government, corruption is spreading like a cancer. Many a man faithful in adversity has weakened in power.

Nehru has not weakened. Not even his most bitter enemy shows the faintest doubt of his integrity. They may think him wrong, but they never think him false or frightened.

That alone would not account for his spectacular popularity, though. There are other honest, courageous men in India's service. Everyone admits that the upper levels of government, especially the courts, are quite incorruptible. Yet among the people these other figures count for little or nothing.

Nehru is the hero, perhaps because he fits precisely the traditional role of hero in Indian legend. For at least 2,600 years—ever since the young Prince Gautama Siddhartha gave up throne, wealth and bride for a life of dedicated poverty as the Buddha—an essential part of the hero's story has been this renunciation of the world and its riches.

Nehru was the son of a wealthy lawyer in Allahabad, a boy who knew nothing but luxury. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge (when he first went into Indian politics he found he had to relearn Hindi, for English had become his native tongue) and became himself a member of the Bar, though he never practiced. Everything pointed to an effortless, lucrative career.

He gave it all up without, apparently, a moment's regret from that day to this. Of the 27 years of struggle, from Mahatma Gandhi's assumption of leadership to the winning of independence in 1947, Nehru spent almost nine years in jail.

In or out of jail he lived simply and even today, in the rather grandiose environment of office, he still does. The Prime Minister's Residence is the former home of the British Commander-in-Chief in India, a vast house set deep in green tree-shaded lawns, with sentry boxes beside the massive gates. The guard isn't very strict nowadays, though. When I drove up at 8:30 one moonless evening the taxi driver paused only long enough to say "He's going to see Panditji," and the gatekeeper waved us through without question.

It's an impressive dwelling—high ceilings, paneled walls, gleaming marble staircases and deep rugs. Looking around, I felt very glad I'd taken a diplomat's advice and borrowed a black tie for the occasion. But when Nehru came in a few minutes later he was wearing the same off-white linen suit in which he had faced a Press conference 10½ hours earlier.

I saw him half a dozen times during three weeks in India, at mass meetings, official receptions, in the offices of External Affairs, and I never saw him in any other costume—long plain frock coat, tight jodhpur-type trousers, bare feet in white sandals, and of course the white Gandhi cap which is the uniform of the Congress Party. Incredibly, he always looked as fresh as if he had just finished dressing.

No Posing for Strangers

We drank fruit juice and had a cigarette, then went in to a dinner which was excellent but not at all elaborate.

Throughout the evening he talked with astonishing frankness, as if he were entertaining an old friend instead of a total stranger who was also a reporter. There was nothing unusual in this; he had lunched or dined with three other visiting journalists within the fortnight and we all got the same impression of a man who was holding nothing back (though he said we were welcome to quote anything he told us). Nor did he make us aware of the fact that this interview wiped out the only free period in his 19-hour day.

I have never met any political leader (not even our own Prime Minister, with whom Nehru has a good deal in common) who seemed less conscious of his own status and power.

This is not put on for the stranger, either. He's the same with his own people. On that particular evening he was late coming home to dinner because he'd been at a dance recital. I'd been there too, but when the Prime Minister's party disappeared at intermission I came away to be on time for my appointment.

"Where did you people go?" he asked.

I said we thought he had gone, so we went too.

"I just went backstage to speak to the performers," he said. "When I came out I found the second row had emptied. Frankly I'd just as soon have come away too (he looked pretty tired) but they were anxious for me to see the rest, so I stayed to the end."

An aide told me later that Nehru does this all the time. This habit is hard on officials who can't leave until he does. They are wearier than he, though with less cause.

Nehru's normal working day ends at 2 a.m. He usually gets up about 7 and does a few Yoga exercises. Nehru has no use for the so-called mysticism we associate with Yoga, but he thinks the physical discipline is valuable. One of his favorites is standing on his head, a taste he acquired in prison. "I suppose physically this exercise is very good," he says in his autobiography. "I liked it even more for its psychological effect on me. The slightly comic position increased my good humor and made me a little more tolerant of life's vagaries."

Then he signs the papers and correspondence dictated the night before (he has a night shift of stenographers in an office downstairs) and reads the morning newspapers. Breakfast about 8, to the office by 9.

From there on his day has no fixed pattern. He may have to make a speech somewhere, he may be inspecting a new factory or refugee settlement



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project, he may have a row of interviews or a cabinet meeting. If he has a chance to spend the day in the office he works until about 1.30, goes home to lunch, is back by 3. Work until 6 when, as often as not, he has to go to a party.

Nehru doesn't drink, but he must surely attend more cocktail parties than any other prime minister. New Delhi's diplomatic corps is just building up. "National days" and ambassadors' receptions seemed, while I was there, to crop up about twice a week. Nehru politely turns up at them all.

Dinner is a late meal in India, 8.30 or 9, or even later, but Nehru tries to be home by 11. This is the starting point of the busiest, most fruitful part of his day. From 11 until 2 a.m. he can count on being uninterrupted; with two or three secretaries he cleans up the accumulated left-overs. For years he has got by with five hours' sleep a night, though he looks 10 years younger than the 61 he is.

Nehru used to keep this up seven days a week. Sunday was a steadier day than usual because he had fewer callers, so got more done. All sug-

gestions that he take some rest went unheeded. Finally some bright soul pointed out that he was overworking his staff, who needed at least an afternoon off. That worked—he stopped coming to the office Sunday afternoons, though he still takes a load of papers home.

This outline of a Nehru day takes no account of speeches, of which he makes a great many, often five or six a week. One Monday evening I heard him speak for two hours to a large crowd in Old Delhi. Next morning at 7 he took off for Lucknow, spent a

solid day of appointments, with another 50-minute speech and an official reception in the late afternoon. At six he addressed a political meeting of 50,000 in the public square, speaking for 90 minutes without a note in his hand; then off to a state dinner where he made another speech.

Ordinarily he doesn't prepare these addresses, just talks about whatever he has on his mind. Nehru doesn't pamper his crowds, or truckle to them. He says what he thinks.

That evening in Lucknow, at a Congress Party meeting with a platform full of local cabinet ministers and party bigwigs, he said in part:

"I for one shall not be proud of a free but a weak and corrupt India given to party politics and the black market. Did we attain freedom for that? I am not going to pardon anyone for acts of omission or commission. In fact I'm sick of exonerating people. If those in charge can't control the situation, they're incompetent."

No other politician in the world, not even Churchill in the days of war, would have talked to a crowd in that fashion. Yet the people listened patiently, cheered him from time to time. Although he is no spell-binder in the ordinary sense, his hold on the Indian public seems unshakable.

It is, of course, more than a personal gift. Nehru is a national hero in his own right, but is also Gandhi's chosen successor. Only two years have passed since Gandhi was murdered by a Hindu fanatic, and already the Mahatma is deified in India.

On the wall of a mud hut in an Indian village I saw a portrait of Gandhi with a shining halo round the head. We were in New Delhi on his birthday, which has all the marks of a religious festival. Soon, if not now, it will be Indian Christmas and Easter rolled into one.

Stones for Monkey-Catchers:

Nehru's career is full of irony. That he, after nine prison terms for his fight against British rule, should have led India into the Commonwealth is strange enough. But perhaps the oddest thing is his becoming by inheritance, the leading figure in what amounts to a new religion.

Nehru is not at all religious. "Any idea of a personal god seems very odd to me," he says in one of his books. He seems to feel that, on balance, organized religion has done a great deal more harm than good.

Certainly he must feel that way about his own land, where the worst problems are connected with religion. Not only the communal massacres that followed partition, but even the increasingly terrible problem of food supply has a religious angle.

India swarms with sacred monkeys. Insolent and ill-tempered beasts as big as bulldogs, they squat under the shade trees and steal what food they like. Nehru once said publicly that monkeys eat more food each year than the total India imports. If that be so India could become self-sufficient in food merely by killing the monkeys.

The Government has tried. For a while it offered bounties for the brutes, dead or alive. Opposition from orthodox Hindus was so intense this had to stop.

As it is, cities hire Moslem monkey-catchers to trap the animals alive. Even that can be dangerous. One old monkey-catcher in New Delhi said he'd never been bitten by a monkey, but often had been stoned by a Hindu mob. However, he does catch them and take them out by truck to a spot 50 or 60 miles away, where he turns them loose. The monkeys then eat up local crops

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Yes, for cakes that look glamorous... and taste out-of-this-world... bake them yourself with Magic. Dependable Magic Baking Powder makes them extra delicious, light as a feather... protects those costly ingredients, too. Yet it costs less than 1¢ per average baking! Get Magic today and use it in everything you bake!

CHOCOLATE CREAM CAKE

1½ cups sifted pastry flour or 1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
2½ tsps. Magic Baking Powder

½ tsp. salt
6 tbsps. butter or margarine
¾ cup fine granulated sugar
3 egg yolks, well beaten
½ cup milk ½ tsp. vanilla

Grease two 8-inch round layer-cake pans and line bottoms with greased paper. Preheat oven to 375° (moderately hot). Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together 3 times. Cream butter or margarine; gradually blend in sugar; beat in well-beaten egg yolks. Measure milk and add vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of milk and combining lightly after each addition. Turn into prepared pans. Bake in preheated oven 20 to 25 minutes. Fill and cover cold cake with 7-minute frosting; top with swirls of melted chocolate.



while they make their way back to town.

In an Indian village near Lucknow, while I was there, a woman was bitten by a cobra. She told her husband. He said, "Tell no one else; do nothing. If God requires your life we shall make that sacrifice."

If she had gone to hospital for serum the woman would almost certainly have lived. Instead she kept quiet, and died. When I visited the village a week later the cobra was still in the house where the widower and three children live.

Nehru says that incident is exceptional; farmers do kill snakes and some will even kill monkeys if nobody's looking. But he admits that no amount of education will ever persuade a Hindu to kill a cow, if indeed such a campaign could even be attempted. Huge herds of worthless cattle crop every green field in India, rural or urban.

Westerners, in their scorn for this economic waste, tend to overlook its finer side. Hindu respect for life is part of the gentleness, the tolerance, the basic amiability that makes this poor overcrowded land such a charming place. It is also part of the social system which has, after all, survived without fundamental change for about 4,000 years while we self-conceited Westerners have risen from oblivion through barbarism to a civilization which now seems ready to blow itself up. But when all that is said, the cows and the monkeys do eat the Indians out of house and home.

Another and uglier problem connected with religion is, of course, the caste system. Gandhi fought it all his life. Nehru has continued the fight, and they have at least removed the legal sanctions which enforced it. Marriages between castes are no longer illegal. Untouchables can, and occasionally do, rise to positions of importance. But the gap between caste Hindu and untouchable is still horribly wide; the untouchable's life makes an American Negro appear privileged.

No Reformers in Sight

These unique difficulties complicate a situation which in any case would be desperate enough. Already underfed, India lost her richest farm land to Pakistan. Mired in poverty, India spends half her federal revenue on defense against an enemy carved out of her own soil and populace. Beset with every trouble known to politics, these hostile Siamese twins have created a new crop by their deadlocks over Kashmir, the exchange rate, and the division of canal waters.

Trade between the two countries was at a standstill when I was there. The jute mills of Calcutta stood idle, leaving thousands unemployed, while Pakistan's crop of raw jute piled up in warehouses and the government tried to find ways of restricting production.

Under this accumulation of burdens the people grow more and more restive. Nehru himself is the most popular leader in the free world, but his government is not popular at all.

I asked a minister of the State government at Lucknow, a Congress Party man, if there was any likelihood of an effective opposition to the Congress. "I hope so," he said. "I'd like to join it."

An Indian economist said: "The Congress Party is a split personality. The talking half (Nehru) is Left, but the acting half is Right."

The "acting half," until his death last December, was Sardar V. Patel, deputy prime minister and boss of India's internal affairs.

He was the man who managed, in a single year, to absorb all 600 of

India's princely states into the new Indian democracy. He was the man who got things done inside the government and he will be very difficult to replace.

But Patel was no reformer and India, above all free nations, needs reform.

No reformers are in sight within the Congress Party. The current president is a strange character named Purushottamdas Tandon, whose ideas strike Westerners as weird.

Tandon is 65. He wears his grey hair long and straggling across a bald dome, his grey beard unkempt. His clothing is the diaperlike *dhoti* that Gandhi always wore—made of *kahdi*, the homespun and homewoven cotton of Gandhi's beloved "cottage industry." It costs twice as much as mill cotton, but Tandon thinks the Government should set an example by buying nothing else.

A Shield and Meal Ticket

He argues for "restoration of proper respect" to the sacred cow. He won't use leather because you can't be sure the hide came from a cow that died of old age. He's against using salt, sugar or soap: Wash yourself with alluvial soil, is Tandon's advice. One result is that Tandon's hosts, when he stays overnight, find their bath-tub drains clogged with clay.

Outside the Congress Party is the Hindu Mahasabha, the party of the ultra-orthodox, which would organize the state on religious lines, expel the Moslems (who still number 40 millions) and restore every taboo India ever held sacred. Behind it is the sinister private army called the R.S.S., an outright Fascist movement. On the Left is a Socialist Party much closer to the Moscow line than Socialists in Western lands. And, of course, there are the Communists, few in number but well organized and well financed.

The man who holds the lid on this violently boiling pot is Jawaharlal Nehru. Party politicians don't like him, often try to halter and frustrate him, but they know he is their shield and meal ticket. Without him the Congress Party would be lost. By his hold on the people and by sheer force of character he keeps the government together.

In a sense he keeps the people together too, but it would be just as true to say the people do the same for him. From the people of India Nehru draws the hope and faith that keep him going. So must any man who has faith in this great, complex, delightful country.

By any material accounting the plight of India must seem indeed hopeless. Millions are living on the very edge of starvation—1,500 calories a day. The population is rising by 4 millions a year, so even to maintain the present low standard of living will call for great increases in production. Disease is rife: malaria, TB, all the bowel diseases spread by impure water supplies.

In the other scale, to offset this colossal weight of difficulty, is nothing but the strength and spirit of the Indian people. Whether it will prove enough, no one can tell. But anyone, even a casual visitor, can tell it is tremendous.

These people have something very difficult to maintain under such conditions. They have dignity. They also have kindness and courtesy.

I had expected, as a white stranger, to meet hostility in a land that freed itself from white domination only three years ago. On the contrary, I was treated as a welcome guest, not only by officials, but equally by farm-hands.

"Can I help you?"



MANY PEOPLE ask many questions

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I had been warned, too, of the dirt in India. In the hygienic sense it is there all right—you mustn't drink unboiled water, or eat uncooked vegetables, and, in spite of all precautions, the newcomer invariably comes down with intestinal trouble in his first fortnight. Indians are not aware of germs as Westerners are.

But the level of cleanliness in the ordinary sense is high. Even the mud huts of illiterate farmers are neat, well swept and scrubbed. The people are physically clean. At dawn I could look out of my hotel window in Lucknow at a row of miserable one-room tenements, and watch Hindu workmen bathing themselves from head to foot before dressing for work. It's a ritual with the Hindu, part of his religion.

A Mere Million Killed

These may sound like trivial things. Perhaps they are. You can't measure them in manhours per unit of production, or in foot-soldiers for World War III. But it must mean something that 350 million people, living in desperate poverty, still retain the human qualities of self-respect and discipline.

And though the average underfed Indian workman may lack physical energy, he has an energy of his own. These Indians have produced in three years a government of inspired amateurs who refuse to be dismayed by seemingly insoluble problems.

Even the new and special difficulties of the past three years have been enough to wreck many a stable state. Probably a million people were killed, and something between 12 millions and 18 millions made homeless, in the riots and massacres which followed partition. India has the larger share of these refugees.

Somewhat they have been housed and fed, somehow most of them have found a way to make a living. Many are still homeless, sleeping on the sidewalk in front of their pitiful little shops (though the temperature in Delhi goes down to freezing point in January). But the new India has survived this blow, as has the new Pakistan.

Nehru is the Motor

Nehru has been criticized for failing to make a stable peace with Pakistan, and it is of course his most conspicuous failure. Observers who have been in both countries seem to feel, in the majority of cases, that he is in the wrong on the tangled issue of Kashmir. They think his own sentimental attachment to his forefathers' country makes him stubborn and uncompromising.

That may be so. On the other hand, he and Pakistan's Prime Minister, Liaquat Ali Khan, have at least managed to avert war. During the riots they toured the stricken areas together, appealing to the people to quiet down; it was their tour that ended the outbreak. Both men are moderates in the politics of their own countries. No visible successor to Nehru, certainly, is as likely to keep peace with Pakistan as he is.

What no critic can deny is that Nehru, for the moment, is India. He personifies his country more than does any leader on earth. Unlike Stalin, he can and does speak for his people, not merely to them. He is the force that holds India together, the motor that drives her forward.

Nehru at 61 can look forward to 10 more years, at most, of the life he's leading now. If he can't put India on her feet by that time it's doubtful if anyone can. If he does do it, as I believe he will, he'll prove his title to greatness for all time. ★

Rocky

Continued from page 13

his scout car he noted that someone had dragged a tree along the ground toward one gun, leaving a tell-tale trail which would give the position away to enemy aircraft.

Among the covered members of the carrier platoon, farther back in the woods, the brigadier spotted a familiar face from the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry which he had commanded before his promotion to brigadier.

"Morning, corporal," he said. "Just like old times, eh?"

"Just like old times, sir," said the corporal.

The brigadier began to inspect the carrier platoon's bivouacs—leanto shelters thatched with fir boughs and covered with groundsheets. An NCO piously explained that his men weren't sleeping on the groundsheets because that wouldn't be fair to some of the other troops who didn't have any.

Rockingham smiled his slow smile and said that he personally had never heard of a carrier platoon which didn't succeed in making itself about twice as comfortable as any other outfit and recalled that in France and Holland the carrier boys had reclined like kings on mattresses lifted out of captured chateaus.

A slight drizzle was falling as the scout car moved on and Capt. Corey's teeth began to chatter. But the brigadier, coatless in the open turret, seemed in high good humor.

On the sharp December wind floated the echoes of a familiar song:

Why don't you join up?
Why don't you join up?
Why don't you join old Rocky's army?

The brigadier grinned. His old brigade had sung that as they raced up the Channel ports and helped clear the Schelde Estuary and breached the Rhine—the first Canadians across the river.

Plenty of sleep
Nothing to eat
Great big shoes and...
Blisters on your feet.

And they had not lost an inch of ground to the enemy in the 10 months he had commanded them.

Why don't you join up?
Why don't you join up?
Rocky, you bastard, why don't you join up?

The brigadier grinned again as the car sped on to the winding valley where the Royal 22nd Regiment—the "Van Doos" was practicing Platoon in The Attack with live ammunition. He was hardly out of his car before the wiry little Canadian troops came under fire and began to deploy—rapidly if not smoothly.

For the next half hour Rockingham hardly stopped running. He ran forward to watch the deployment. He ran back to the left flank to listen to the platoon commander issue orders for the attack. He ran with the attacking sections to the right flank, his aide a few yards behind, puffing slightly.

"Fire and movement!" the brigadier said. "The whole basis of infantry tactics."

Behind him a Bren began to chatter and up ahead smoke bombs from the two-inch mortar burst in white puffs.

As the troops rushed in, bayonets fixed and firing from the hip, the brigadier, quite obviously delighted, rushed behind them. With him ran the lithe figure of Lieut.-Col. Jimmy

Dextraze, commanding officer of the regiment.

"They're bunching a little in the centre, Jimmy," the brigadier said.

Yes, they were, the colonel admitted, but they were watching the dam safety angle—the Americans insisted on that. They thought the Canadians were crazy to use live ammunition anyway.

"How about that reorganization?" the brigadier asked. "They ought to reorganize on the left. That's where the counter-attack's going to come from."

The colonel agreed.

"Well it was a bloody good show, Jimmy," Rockingham said. "It took us three years to get to that stage in England, I can tell you. What's the platoon commander's name?"

"Gireux," Dextraze said. A young officer with a fierce black mustache and a good deal of chest came by.

"Très bien, M. Gireux," the brigadier said and climbed into his scout car

To My Dentures

My native fangs were faithless and unkind.

But you, unflinching, face the daily grind.

And so, as long as you be true to me,

What care I how false you be?

—G. Henry,

again. He ate his lunch in the field standing up, resting his mess tin on the hood of a 15 cwt. truck.

One of the officers said he guessed the brigadier would be going up to Vancouver for Christmas.

"No," Rockingham said. "Most of the troops are from the East and can't get home. It wouldn't be fair to run off."

He had had no leave at all. His wife, Mary-Carlyle, had been down once overnight and in her absence a burglar had broken into their home and stolen his medals. His two children, Johnny-Bob, 11, and Audrey, 14, both born before the war, grew out of babyhood in his first absence and may well grow out of adolescence in his second.

Rockingham's lunch hour lasted 20 minutes. Then he was off again, earphones clamped over Balmoral, speaking to his aide and his driver on the intercom and to his Brigade Headquarters on the "A" net in the strange rigid dialect of Army radio telephony—"Hello George Roger Jig. Message for Able Peter Zebra: Is your Sun-Ray there? Over."

He reached the artillery observation post in time to watch the afternoon shoot. Some of the PPCLI officers were picking targets in the valley below and relaying map references to the forward observation officer.

The brigadier was among them at once, compass to eye, map board on knee, checking bearings and distances and six-figure map references and correcting the officers' radio telephone procedure. He had been sticky about this since the day before when he'd caught a couple of his staff using the word "repeat" instead of "say again"—a deadly sin because "repeat" is an artillery term which could bring 25-pounder shrapnel around your ears in short order. The brigadier had promptly ordered a series of lectures on the subject and conscientiously attended them himself.

A PPCLI officer with a great blond

mustache, who had served with Franco in Spain and the Australians in the last war and had quit a job in an advertising agency to go fighting again, called out a target and presently there came the low rumble of a 25 pounder and a white puff of smoke in the valley below.

The shot was 800 yards wide and the brigadier, grinning, recalled that he had once asked for support from the HMS Rodney and its initial shot had been two miles off.

By 3:15 the brigadier was watching a dozen M-10 tanks churning a green meadow into a sea of mud.

An officer came up and said the troops were just about to take their PT and this reminded Rockingham he had seen a group at PT the day before and had noticed a line of stragglers. Would the lieutenant present his compliments to the major and ask him if something couldn't be done about these stragglers? It looked pretty bloody ragged.

It was raining hard again as the scout car wheeled about and headed for the river where the engineers were constructing one of the new pontoon bridges, an aluminum affair floating on inflated rubber.

The brigadier was quickly out on the bridge with the troops in the rain asking questions. "They say they like it all right but it's slow to put up," he said to the captain in charge.

"Well, the Americans say they can do it in four hours, sir," the captain said, "and I think our boys can do as well when they've had a little practice."

"As well?" Rockingham said. "How about seeing if they can't do it a little faster than the Americans tomorrow?"

The captain said he'd try, but he thought the American instructors on the job were holding the boys back just a little bit so they wouldn't beat any records.

The brigadier smiled wryly and moved off through the mud and the rain and the troops struggling with bridge equipment. It was dusk already. He set his course homeward.

More Brass to Polish

Back at his orderly room he sighed and got back to the paper war. Fortunately someone in Ottawa had forgotten to send any stationery so things could have been worse. But as it was he was late getting in to supper.

He breezed into the mess after 6 p.m., threw his Balmoral and web belt on a table, ordered a Scotch and water and downed his meal.

His evening as usual would be full. There were always odds and ends to clear up: Public relations releases to read over—someone had been calling artillery batteries "companies" which was bad. He'd noticed that the RCRs building a new assault course were short of shovels and axes—that would have to be looked into. He didn't like the looks of the unit Christmas card and he'd have to make sure they got an alternate.

Then there was the syllabus for the next day, a new route for the scout car to be plotted out on the map, and some brass coming in unexpectedly from Ottawa to be looked after.

All in all it was midnight before the brigadier crowded himself into the narrow bed on the back of the truck parked outside his orderly room. Reville was just six hours away and a new day lay before him—a day much like the last one, full of fevered preparation for impending war.

For Brigadier Johnny Rockingham, who at 38 had already had his share of war, it was indeed just like old times—and it might easily be like old times for a long time to come. ★

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The Man of Many Faces
Is Now the Man of
Many Honors



It never happened before, never at least in America. Alec Guinness was voted New York's actor of the year (stage) for 1949. He was voted the actor of the year (screen) for 1950.

★ ★ ★

The film performance which topped all others came in *KIND HEARTS AND CROWNETS* which along with *A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY*, (both with the distinctive Guinness flavor of hilarity and both still current in Canada), keeps reappearing on lists of the 10 most enjoyable films.

★ ★ ★

Ealing Studios which made these two sterling successes is producing two more in the same vein and both star Alec Guinness — delightfully improbable yarns played straight.

In *THE LAVENDER HILL MOB*, a meek official loots the Bank of England, develops into the world's most bewildered bullion smuggler.

In *THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT*, a misbegotten scientist invents a fabric which will never wear out.

★ ★ ★

Likewise from Ealing comes *THE MAGNET* community comedy of a seaside town peopled with warm characters.

★ ★ ★

For sheer excitement, the film trade rates *CLODED YELLOW* as the New Year's top contender. It stars Jean Simmons and Trevor Howard.

★ ★ ★

The news of Margaret Lockwood is that she too is coming up in a thriller, *HIGHLY DANGEROUS*, with an American leading man Dane Clark and a story by Eric Ambler.

To be sure you see these fine films,
ask for playdates at your local theatre.

An  Release

The Hospital Prayer Built

Continued from page 21

"Funds exhausted. A new stove required. Patient brought in very ill. We cried unto the Lord for help."

Three days later the ladies wrote: "Met for prayer and thanksgiving. Our Lord has supplied all our needs. The gifts for the last three days have been \$50. The much-needed stove is up."

But the roughcast stone house remained cold. Again the ladies turned to their source of aid: "Meeting for prayer. More stoves or furnace required immediately. Cost of putting in new furnace \$250, and we have simply nothing in the treasury except what is needed for daily bread. After a prayerful consideration of the matter we have decided to order the furnace, trusting God for means to pay."

They told manufacturers they had no money. "We get our money only as the Lord sends it. The Lord seldom sends us a surplus." The furnace was installed. The tradition of helping the Sick Kids had begun.

Three years after its establishment the growing hospital moved for the third time to a house at Elizabeth and College Streets, in midtown Toronto. Torontonians were taking an interest now. One of the first and most active helpers was John Ross Robertson, the tall, volatile, bearded founder and publisher of the *Toronto Evening Telegram*. His first casual concern grew in years to affectionate enslavement. When his daughter died from acute appendicitis before she could be brought to the hospital, Robertson's love went to the sick children of this hospital.

His first sizeable contribution was an adjunct to the Sick Kids — the Lakeside Home on Toronto Island for summer convalescing. He was a colorful, impulsive man and when the city refused to let him buy extra land for the Lakeside Home he brought a gang of laborers to the Island one night and had them move his fence to include the land he wanted. There wasn't a peep from the city.

Ten years after the beginning of the hospital the ladies reported proudly: "During ten years' work we have received in answer to prayer the large sum of \$34,917.65 and we now own real estate as follows: the land on which the present hospital stands, and lots adjoining — where we intend, God willing, to build this year — valued at \$12,994.01 (including the Lakeside Home at the Island). We value furniture at both Homes at \$3,266.45, making the Hospital worth \$16,260.46 and all this from the hand of God upon us . . ."

Trouble piled up in spite of these concrete blessings. Crowding was now desperate. In the Elizabeth Street Hospital new beams tried vainly to support the tumble-down house. In August of 1886 the walls literally crumbled. The ladies chose the Notre Dame Building, in a residential section at Jarvis and Lombard Streets, for the fourth hospital. This was a three-story building, biggest to this date, and for the first time they hired a superintendent, Miss Hannah J. Cody. Founder Mrs. McMaster could go to Chicago to study nursing.

But the hospital's needs continued to outgrow its space and again Robertson took a hand in the problem. On holiday trips he would visit hospitals in Edinburgh, London, Paris, Dresden, Berlin and borrow their best features to bring back to Toronto. Soon he decided that an entirely new hospital was needed.

The site — then a residential district, now barely a block from Toronto's Chinatown was chosen in Queen Victoria's jubilee year and citizens

voted \$20,000 for building. Carved in stone above the doorway is the inscription: "The Victoria Hospital for Sick Children." But the name didn't stick; it's generally referred to by the warm diminutive "Sick Kids." Building began in June, 1889, and three years later the hospital was formally opened.

With the new hospital and well-equipped Lakeside convalescing home, all troubles seemed over. Donations kept the work going. Business was still carried out by the original group of women, but it was big business now. Since 1884 there had been a training school for nurses, harbinger of the present hospital's vast schooling scheme: a school for the children; an orthopedic workshop. When the report for 1900 came out it showed the Sick Kids among the 24 leading hospitals of Great Britain and the United States. And it cost the least to run.

But always lack of space dogged progress. In 1907 the nurses moved out of their quarters; their rooms were converted into offices and clinics. When John Ross Robertson heard of their homeless state he built a nurses' residence next to the hospital.

Sick Kids enterprises multiplied. A visiting nurse, covering the city by tram, took up duties of checking on discharged patients. One day Robertson saw the rain-drenched, foot-weary nurse returning from her day's tour.

"How long has this been going on?" he demanded.

"Three years," he was told.

The next day the latest model 1912 Ford drew up before the College Street

chimney. A new wing was built, new extensions were added on roofs. But it wasn't enough.

The need for a new hospital was desperate. The trustees estimated the cost between four and five million dollars. They sought out Joseph Bower, a lanky New York engineer of warm enthusiasm and wide experience in hospital building, to help decide on plans. He took a year to make up his mind. In 1927 he arrived in Toronto ready to launch a building program.

But it was 22 years before he saw the cornerstone laid. Those 22 years spanned a difficult time in the history of the hospital and the history of the world. In the depression years you couldn't ask people in a bread-line to donate five million dollars. Building plans had to be shelved. The hospital struggled as best it could against difficulties. The research department and growing medical knowledge surprisingly came to the aid of the space department. The so-called miracle drugs cut a patient's average stay nearly in half (from 20 days 20 years ago to 12 today).

In spite of difficulties, great medical progress was made. Sick Kids research department, first under the late Dr. F. F. Tisdale, now under Dr. Theo Drake, was instrumental in finding the cause of acute diarrhoea (virus carried by flies) and a campaign to spread this information brought down the mortality rate from 48% in 1921 to nothing in 1942. Outpatient doctors and visiting nurses hammered the fact that Vitamin D was a safeguard against rickets to such good effect that the number of patients fell from 145 in 1925 to four in 1935.

Research staff's nutritional studies resulted in marasmus (wasting away of body) cases dropping from 293 in 1921 to 13 in 1942. Mortality in this disease had been as high as 50.2% in cases admitted. Now no one dies from it at Sick Kids.

Polio was rampant in the later years. Not knowing the cause or cure, Sick Kids staff rallied with first aid. During the 1937 epidemic the hospital designed and built in five and a half weeks 3,000 splints for paralyzed muscles and 32 iron lungs for use across Canada.

The influx of patients during those tragic autumn weeks forced Sick Kids authorities to take over the only other available space, the old Grace Hospital, a couple blocks west on College Street. It had previously been abandoned as unsafe and unsuitable for use as a hospital.

These experiences emphasized the desperate need for a new building. But while Superintendent Joseph Bower was still planning an inspection trip to European hospitals the threat of war delayed building plans. The war itself forced them to be abandoned.

Disappointed but still game, the staff fought dirt and cramped quarters for children's lives. Complete teamwork between some of Canada's highest paid specialists, who donate their time and services free, brought remarkable results. Surgical staff and the medical staff dropped the strict protocol which tends to keep departments in their own tight compartments. This unified attack was started by the late Surgeon-in-Chief Dr. D. E. Robertson in 1934, carried on by Dr. A. B. Le Mesurier, his successor, and is fully endorsed by Dr. R. M. Wansbrough, who took over as surgeon-in-chief in November last year.

Sick Kids laboratories presented the world with Pablum, a cereal containing extra quantities of Vitamins B₁ and B₂ plus mineral elements which every well-fed North American baby knows. These nutritional researches were so

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In Maclean's Feb. 15
On sale Feb. 9

entrance for the nurse. He also built a plant to pasteurize milk, the results of which finally influenced Ontario to pass its 1938 pasteurization law.

In 1918 Mrs. Walter C. Tingle, wife of an oil executive, and Sir Joseph Flavelle, Toronto financier, provided the money for a research department and opened a vast new field of work. Today 73% of Canadian pediatricians have trained at Sick Kids and 4,500 medical students have received instruction there.

In war and then depression the number of patients increased. Make-shift improvements tried to stretch space. The big centre ward was divided into smaller ones; the tiny east elevator was blocked to make a fire escape (threat of fire in the jam-packed hospital had always been a dire shadow); outpatients' department was turned into a laboratory; research went on in a converted potato cellar. The central supply room from where all surgical supplies are issued was developed from an old light well; this meant numerous rooms which are windowless and airless. A suite of tiny offices for doctors was built into an old

successful that the Canadian Government and the Red Cross asked advice from Sick Kids in preparing prisoner-of-war parcels and armed forces rations. For weeks lab workers lived on various combinations of pills and foods; proof of their success came with the report from the prisoner-of-war camps that Canadian food parcels were the most satisfactory.

Young doctors like T. J. Pashby performed operations thought impossible a couple of years ago. A cross-eyed child now is operated on at two and a half or three years; babies often wear glasses. Most of the 200 children who turn up each week at the outpatients' eye clinic are assured of normal eyesight.

Rangy, slow-speaking Dr. Theodore Drake, head of the research department, spends as much time in the wards as bending over test tubes. He carries infant feeding research to actual cases, checks results, instructs nurses and internes. Working together, ready-witted young surgeon Dr. W. T. Mustard (who at Christmas doubles for Santa Claus in the wards) and handsome Dr. John Keith, diagnostician, save babies suffering from heart condition. In the infectious disease ward Dr. G. A. McNaughton, a stocky dark man who gestures better with his eyebrows than most people do with their hands, somehow gives the spirit of the place. He recalls when he first joined the hospital staff and watched in despair when children suffering from meningitis were brought in. There was no medical treatment known then. "Now we cure them," he says with a wonderful smile.

Diamond Rings and Guineas

Sick children are taken in whether they are flown from Newfoundland, Aklavik, or Jamaica, or carried in by their mothers off nearby Elizabeth Street. Eighty per cent of the hospital's income comes from the patients, paid for either by parents or in needy cases by municipalities where the children live, by provincial hospital grants or by service clubs which take an interest in special cases. In 1949 this amounted to \$1,466,746. Some \$50,000 in donations during the year helped cover some of the deficit. The hospital also received \$100,000 in endowment income and \$150,000 from the John Ross Robertson estate.

Robertson never lost his love for the Sick Kids. When he died he left a trust fund; at his wife's death in 1947 his estate of more than \$8 millions went to the Sick Kids.

And the pioneering, helpful spirit of Mrs. McMaster and her "ladies" is still present. It shines through in things dropped into the subscription box—sunk like a letter slot in the red brick wall of the hospital. Here the late liquor tycoon, C. H. Hatch, would drop his 20 guineas of King's Plate winnings. Wedding rings, hundred dollar bills and coppers have been found there. The other day secretary-treasurer J. S. Crawford found an aspirin box in the loot. He opened it to find a yellow stone wrapped in cotton batting.

Crawford took it to a jewelry store where he was told it was a badly cut diamond worth \$100. Not enough, he decided, and hunted down a pawnshop where the bid was raised to \$105. On his third try another jewelry shop offered \$225. "Make the cheque out for Sick Children's," said dignified Crawford happily.

It was in this same spirit of willingness and optimism that the latest building plans were launched. The first campaign begun on V-E day in 1945 raised \$8,000,000. Booming building

costs indicated another four million would be needed. A volunteer committee took hold of the problem. Dr. Theo Drake ambled at the head of newsmen through the old hospital, illustrating with sights more than words the necessity for a new building. Newspapers and radio pitched in. People of Ontario, many of them ex-patients of Sick Kids, answered promptly and warmly. Donations came from Vancouver and Halifax and from homes between. The campaign was oversubscribed by \$500,000.

Luck or good judgment saved one huge expense that might have delayed building. For years the building committee had been told to hold off until prices settled; they kept going up instead. Then trustees were warned about the high cost of steel. "It must go down," their advisers said. "Wait a while." They didn't wait and the day after they contracted for steel the price nearly doubled. "Power of prayer," the ladies of that first small six-cot haven would have said.

In the new hospital there will be 632 beds, 75 for private or semi-private patients. Because of the dangers of cross-infection, roughly one third of public ward beds are single rooms. Modern aids to swift care of sick children are many. They range from a televised lecture theatre to oxygen piped into each room. In the old hospital oxygen had to be wheeled on carts from room to room. On all floors built-in, stainless steel laundry chutes lead directly to a big laundry capable of handling 15 pounds of wash per bed, per day. There are 25 pneumatic tube stations for transmitting patients' histories or prescriptions.

The place is bright and in spite of its size gives a feeling of utilitarian compactness. The halls and rooms are light pastel colored, with warmer shades for rooms with north exposure, cooler tints for those facing south.

The premature babies' ward on the tenth floor is perhaps the most germ-proof piece of property in Canada, and will follow the hospital's tradition of accepting premature babies from other Toronto hospitals.

Probably the most striking difference from the old hospital is the outpatients and admitting department on the main floor. Here a child knocked down by a truck is immediately placed in a bright examination room, completely outfitted. There's a complete emergency operating suite, X-ray rooms, treatments rooms, and even baths if again—as once last summer—a baffled, paint-smeared cop brings in two seven-year-olds covered with green paint.

A 75-year journey ends this month when the top of Elizabeth St. and a block of Gerrard St. will be closed off to permit the Sick Kids to make their fifth move between old and new hospitals. All staff members with cars will be on hand. Only urgent operations will have been performed for 10 days. Only emergency cases will have been admitted to the hospital in that period—to reduce the number of children who must be moved from bed to new bed.

It won't be the grand tour of John Ross Robertson's limousines. It'll be doctors' cars, ambulances and trucks moving the Sick Kids to their new home. The old place, heavy with memories, dusty with years, has been bought by the Ontario Government for office space.

There's one place in the magnificent new building where the gentle shadows of Mrs. McMaster and "the ladies" may be hovering happily. Off the main rotunda to the right is a small chapel. Perhaps here the good ladies come back some days to keep up the good work with "believing prayer." ★



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World's Strangest Insurance Company

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not only entertains its members but cares for their children when orphaned, operates a palm-shaded California retreat for impoverished elders, pays \$3 a day for TB treatment, up to \$200 for a cancer operation and \$2,500 for treatment of polio in juveniles.

Every Forester must take out life insurance but whether his policy is for \$500 or \$25,000 (the average is about \$1,080) he is entitled to these extra benefits at no extra cost. A member must also pay monthly court dues, usually 30 cents for adults and 20 cents for children. These cover routine lodge activities and provide him with the free services of a doctor when ill and, in many sections, general surgery.

Even if he just files his policy away in a bureau drawer and never goes near a court meeting the member is still entitled to these benefits. Brother lodge members will call when he's sick and pay their last respects at his funeral.

They cite the case of an ageing Calgary businessman whose firm went broke during the depression. Destitute, he and his wife determined to commit suicide rather than accept charity. All they had left was a small IOF insurance policy which would barely be enough to cover funeral expenses. Then the wife recalled reading in the society's magazine, *Forester*, about the IOF camp for oldsters in California. They're still there today.

Welcome Speech for a Prince

So great are the attractions of the Lopez Canyon community that one wealthy member offered \$20,000 to be allowed to retire to one of its bungalows. He was refused.

While many members refer fondly to Robin Hood as an IOF patron saint predating the illustrious Oronhyatekha, the society's link with this legendary character is understandably vague. History does record, however, that by 1600 the axemen and faggot carriers of England's royal forests had banded together in a mutual aid society which became the Ancient Order of Foresters.

Migrating brethren carried the idea to the United States, then rebelled in 1874 to found the IOF—an assessment society in which every member chipped in a dime whenever a worthy brother passed away to provide "something more than the washtub for the widow."

The new order spread to Canada but was so ineptly run that by 1881 it boasted only 369 members and was \$4,000 in debt. That's when Oronhyatekha, the 40-year-old Indian, was called from his medical practice in London, Ont., to be Supreme Chief Ranger.

Born on the Six Nations reserve at Brantford, Oronhyatekha had been educated in the local Indian school and at two American colleges, paying his way by cutting firewood at 40 cents a cord. He was studying medicine at the University of Toronto when he was chosen by his people to read their address of welcome to the Prince of Wales during the Canadian tour of the future King Edward VII in 1860. The Prince was so impressed that he arranged a year's scholarship at Oxford for the Indian student.

The handsome young Mohawk had been given a white man's name at birth but he realized that while there were hundreds of Peter Martins in the world

there was only one Oronhyatekha. From university on he never used anything except his tribal name, which meant Burning Cloud.

As Supreme Chief Ranger, Oronhyatekha shrewdly exploited his name, his race and his commanding appearance to promote the IOF. But first he introduced a medical examination for all would-be members, scrapped the assessment plan for an endowment scheme with regular premiums based on age and began building up reserves. He introduced a disability benefit, almost unheard of at that time, by which a member collected seven tenths of his policy's face value if totally disabled, the remainder being payable at death. He launched the orphan care scheme when he built a huge, frame castle on an island in Lake Ontario near Deseronto as a home for the youngsters. It adjoined his own summer home which he called the Wigwam.

Then Oronhyatekha went out and sold the IOF with full page advertisements and publicity stunts of regal proportions.

He Put Hydrants on the Roof

Most lodges then had cantons, or brightly plumaged private armies, and Oronhyatekha organized the cocked-hatted Royal Foresters as a private guard of honor. He joined everything—the Knights Templar, the Orange-men, and became a 33rd degree Mason.

But his master stroke was the Foresters' Temple, which between 1895 and 1899 climbed 11 stories and a tower above Bay Street, a block south of City Hall. Built before the days of steel girder construction, the Temple was erected story by story of cast-iron pillars and beams.

Oronhyatekha loudly proclaimed the building to be absolutely fireproof because it was trisectioned by brick firewalls, all its baseboards and wall panels were of sheet steel, and all wooden doors were sheathed in molded steel plates bearing the IOF's Maltese cross. But he mounted high-pressure hydrants on the roof to help city firemen fight possible flames in neighboring buildings of lesser stature and inferior construction.

The building was opened in 1898 and three years later Oronhyatekha turned it into a blaze of glory by night to welcome HRH the Duke of York, later to become King George V.

The Indian who had greeted a future monarch once with golden words this time squandered thousands of red, white and blue light bulbs to outline his Temple's 300 windows, its balconies, parapets, turrets, cupolas and the steel-pillared porches which straddled the sidewalks on both streets. Then he built a massive archway which spanned the Bay-Richmond intersection, supporting a royal crown as big as a boxcar. And this gargantuan set piece was illuminated too.

Public Honor for Dead Chief

More people thronged to see the IOF sunburst than saw the royal duke; the regal visit was over in a day but Oronhyatekha kept his Temple blazing for a month.

In 26 years the Foresters' chief boosted membership from 369 to 257,000 and replaced its \$4,000 debt with an accumulated fund of \$11 millions. But he drove himself mercilessly to do it and developed both diabetes and a weak heart. Time and again he collapsed with heart attacks and finally he died in Savannah, Georgia, in 1907.

One report says that a procession "the like of which Toronto has not often looked upon" followed Oronhyatekha's casket from Toronto Union Station. Foresters and non-Foresters lined the streets all the way to Massey Hall, where the Indian lay in state for three days.

The IOF recently announced plans for a new million and a half dollar head office to be built on Jarvis Street, near Bloor. While abandoning the Temple (already sold for \$1 million) will mean quite a wrench with the past, there's one bitter chapter all the brethren would be glad to have forgotten.

About 1910 revised insurance regulations forced the IOF and other fraternal insurance societies to increase premium rates drastically and retroactively. Oronhyatekha had been forever urging increased reserves but few members would take him seriously

when the society already had about \$11 millions in the bank. Government actuaries said this wasn't sufficient to guarantee the insurance risk, so old-timers who had been paying dues for years found liens for as much as \$260 against their modest policies.

Fortunately, Oronhyatekha had left a sound business administration which guided the Foresters safely through bitter and stormy years. But, while reserves climbed steadily, angry resignations plus normal death losses cut membership from its 1907 peak of 251,000 to a low of 119,000 in 1943. These were the lean years of rate readjustment, and readjustment is still a profane word in Oronhyatekha's Temple.

By the time final returns are in for 1950, the IOF will have written more than \$40 millions in new insurance for the year, a whopping jump from the \$6 millions sold in 1943. This revival was sparked by a former Salvation Army street preacher named Tom Robertson, who in 1941 became superintendent of field work—IOF for sales manager.

At the same time, Hon. Victor Morin, a brilliant Montreal lawyer and scholar, was elected Supreme Chief Ranger and began to instill new spirit and color. He composed a three-hour operetta to celebrate the IOF's 75th anniversary in 1949.

Robertson succeeded Morin as Supreme Chief Ranger but died of a heart attack before his first term was over. The IOF's current chief—outsiders may call him president—is a big, beaming Californian named Louis E. Probst. It was Robertson who brought Probst to Toronto as Superintendent of Field Work after he had become the IOF's top salesman by writing a new member a day, 365 days a year, for 17 years. Since Lou Probst has had a hand in directing the IOF the order has added a free polio benefit to attract new members and a cookbook to perk up lodge-night refreshments.

A Silent Warwhoop in Bronze

In Canada the more active courts are adopting service club tactics. In British Columbia, Court Penticton supplies a professional lifeguard for a public beach and Court Winfield refurbished an abandoned hall as a community centre. Edmonton Foresters recently ran a carnival to help the local amputation association.

In spite of all the bustle, the IOF admits that perhaps only 10% of paid-up members are active in lodge affairs. Yet it would be unfair to conclude that 90% are mere policyholders. A great many are old-timers, once enthusiastic but now on the sidelines. And District Deputy Tony Fara claims that fully half the 4,000 members he and a staff of eight fieldmen recruited for two Sudbury courts in five years attend meetings about as regularly as work in the mines will let them.

Fara was recently moved to Toronto and now works out of the Temple building at Bay and Richmond. The Temple's balconies and overhanging porches have long since been stripped away. The pioneer air conditioning and ice-water fountains fell into disuse years ago. But Fara has learned that "Insurance plus Fraternity" still works, even in a strange city where you only know one person.

Fara sold that first prospect and 235 more members in five months, more than a quarter of a million in new insurance. That's nice business in anybody's brief case—almost enough to raise a warwhoop from the bronze Indian that catches his eye every time he checks in at the office. ★



The 30-Year Revolution

Continued from page 4

assignments on the Express was to attend the conference of the League of Nations in London where the U.S. chair was empty. The league had been strangled at birth by the nation which had created it.

France, twice ravaged by her historic enemy, was determined Germany would not rise again. A savage-hearted mystic named Hitler was making speeches to anyone who would listen. An Italian named Mussolini was dreaming of becoming a Caesar. The Communist Revolution was fighting for its life in Russia.

The British, with their immense background of world experience, were almost alone in the realization that, as far as international affairs were concerned, a new era had emerged, requiring a different approach to its problems.

The march of events could not be halted. The prolonged strike of the miners in Britain led to the general strike. With Ernest Bevin as one of the principal leaders, the workers challenged the government. Like all general strikes it was in essence a revolution.

The nation won the struggle but the aftermath was hard.

When the Republic Rocked

The stock market boom in New York had started. This was a boom that was to go on for ever and for ever, world without end. Prices were rising, profits were soaring, the outside world could not sell to America or buy from her but what did that matter?

In 1929 Stanley Baldwin's Tory Government fell and the second Socialist Government was born. Ramsay MacDonald moved with stately step to No. 10 Downing Street as he had done in 1924, and Beaverbrook shouted to the Conservatives that only the economic unity of the Empire could restore Britain and save the world from collapse.

Panic in Wall Street! The crash rocked the great republic to its foundation. Throughout the world there was a cry for gold. That was the only thing that mattered—gold! Months passed while the world reeled drunkenly on its axis. The drain from abroad on Britain's gold reserves had become unbearable.

One night Prime Minister MacDonald summoned the London editors to Downing Street. As editor of the Daily Express I was one of the number.

The Prime Minister revealed to us that Britain had been driven off the gold standard. No longer was sterling backed by that divine metal. It depended on us, the editors, whether tomorrow there would be riots and a run on the banks. Incidentally we saw that a national government was in the throes of being born.

We went back to our newspapers and prepared the nation for the shock. I wrote an editorial declaring that now the pound would depend upon the character and ability of the British people and not on a gambling metal counter that was like a chip in a casino. In fact we all put it out as good news instead of bad.

In such a situation the British are at their best. It is said that the next day one client turned up at the Bank of England and demanded gold for a five-pound note. The rest of the country went about its business and its sport as if nothing had happened.

But drastic economies had to be made. A national government was formed and went to the country with

only one promise—that wages, incomes, pensions and the dole would be cut. It was the grimmest election policy in history, yet the people voted the government in with a vast majority. Life became dreadfully hard for the workers and the poor.

But at last the British had discovered the Empire in an economic sense. The Ottawa Agreements had begun a new era of co-operation and by 1935 Britain's position was becoming strong again.

If there had been no Hitler or Mussolini life in Britain would have moved to a new plane of prosperity. But the cursed shadow of rearmament was upon us. Darkness had descended upon the world again.

I wish I could say that the British people faced the growing international crisis with clear eyes and unity of purpose. Instead they were in the grip of a bemused idealism that was as well intentioned as it was tragically stupid. In a crazy peace ballot there was an overwhelming vote against war, and the signers of the pledge felt like Mr. Micawber who thanked God that a debt was paid when he gave someone an IOU.

Baldwin retired and left Neville Chamberlain, the builder of houses, to try to build an enduring peace. I do not propose to go over the old business of Munich now. At any rate I was and am a man of Munich and we can leave it at that. To me Chamberlain will always be a martyr. One thing and one thing alone could have prevented Hitler's war—the declaration that America would take her place beside Britain and France.

Is it really 10 years ago that we waited for the German invasion to start from conquered France? Have 10 years passed since London was bombed and burned? Everything in the British people that was cheap and unworthy fell away and everything that was brave and fine came to the surface.

And now, as 1951 takes its bow, the shadows are deep once more. No one can see far ahead, but with all the darkness who can deny that civilization is awake and on guard? America has risen to manhood's estate and has given her strength and substance to the outside world. It could never be easy for a nation created by the very doctrine of isolationism to accept responsibility as the supreme Western Power of the outside world. But the U.S. has done just that.

What about the British? They have gone through a revolution since 1945, but, like the general strike, a bloodless revolution. The more the British change the more they are the same. When other dynasties fall and disappear like leaves in wintry weather the British monarchy lives on, sustained by the love of the people. Where so many parliaments have become the medium of one-party dictatorships the old "Mother of Parliaments" renews her strength and even renews her youth in a fresh House to replace the one that was destroyed in the war.

The sanity of laughter still guides our debates in parliament and in the pubs. With malice toward none, with the realization that if war comes Britain must be in the front line, with a deep, unspoken belief in God's purpose, with grumbling but good humor, and knowing that their lot will be hard for years to come, the British ask nothing better of the fates than to be allowed to live out their days in this strange, cantankerous and beloved island.

Thirty years . . . I suppose that the port of Saint John will be deep in snow as it was when we set forth in 1920. I hope that the sun will be shining on the snow for it is a lovely sight. *



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Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 5

at the very moment when it would have collapsed anyway. Also, they know what a hard job the whole thing was.

"Talk about power-hungry bureaucrats," one Ottawan remarked. "In this town the bureaucrats are not scrambling for power; they're doing all they can to avoid having it thrust on them."

As for taxation, Finance Minister Abbott told his advisers long ago that

never again, under any circumstances, would they persuade him to put on a tax for any other purpose than revenue.

Abbott still feels a bit resentful about the notorious "vinegar budget" of 1948, when the economists kept taxes high not because Ottawa needed the money but because they thought high taxes would be good for us. Maybe they were right—they convinced Abbott, anyway, and he in turn convinced the rest of the Cabinet. Or thought he had.

Abbott had no illusions about what he was doing to himself politically; he knew people wouldn't like it but he

thought he was doing the right thing in the public interest. He was furious when, a short while later, Prime Minister Mackenzie King told a Liberal back-bencher he thought this high-taxation program needlessly severe and that Abbott had been too ready to listen to his economic advisers.

When this came out in the papers Abbott threatened to resign if his colleagues wouldn't back him up in the policy they had approved. King had to get up in parliament and utter a carefully worded repudiation of the story, which was substantially true but

which, luckily, contained enough small errors of detail to permit a denial.

The whole thing left a bad taste in the Finance Minister's mouth. It convinced him that cyclical budgeting, in any real sense, is politically impossible—people won't pay taxes to pile up surpluses for the government.

On this year's budget Abbott had figured to break about even. The new war boom, plus inflation, brought in more revenue than anybody expected; in spite of new defense outlays and other cost increases the accumulated surplus at the end of the calendar year was somewhere around \$400 millions. It won't be that high by March 31 (many large expenditure items are charged up only in the last month) but Abbott admits we shall have a "healthy surplus" for 1950-51.

Defense expansion will doubtless wipe it out, and then some. Six months ago, asked about the new taxes he had in mind, Abbott grinned and said, "Wait until you see them." But we can be fairly sure of one thing—they'll be no higher than he can help.

* * *

President Truman's order freezing Red Chinese assets in the U. S., and C. D. Howe's ban on Canadian trade with China, must have been deadly blows to the thriving city of Hong Kong. That delightful port, one of the few places in the world where the White Man's Burden includes practically no income tax, makes a large fraction of its livelihood trading with the enemy.

Americans tend to blame the British for this, and it is true that Britain's policy toward China has been somewhat softer than the U. S. policy. However, the difference is not so much national as occupational. American businessmen in Hong Kong are just as anxious to make a fast dollar in China as anybody else. One of their grievances has been that agents for English firms could get and sell goods which they, representing American firms in the same line, couldn't obtain. British servicemen, on the other hand, are just as resentful of Hong Kong's accommodating habits as any American.

In the Correspondents' Club near the top of Victoria Peak, overlooking Hong Kong Harbor, there is usually a party on Saturday night. British officers from the local garrison used to come there in droves. After the second or third round of drinks they would call on the pianist for the "Hong Kong Hymn."

The "Hymn" was written by Burton Crane, New York Times reporter:

In Hong Kong it's clear
The Man of the Year
Will either be Stalin or Mao;
We call out the Tommies to keep
out the Commies
But take in their shekels—and how!

CHORUS:

Oh, the world's in a mess but com-
mercial success
Is ours, so we couldn't care less.

Crane wrote the tune, too, which is simple but rousing. It never caught on much with Hong Kong businessmen, though.

* * *

In one of the oral examinations for External Affairs a while ago they had a double-barreled question:

"(a) If you were serving a Canadian meal in a foreign capital what dishes would you choose?"

That was a perfectly straight question to which several answers would be acceptable. But the second part was a trap:

"(b) Would you or would you not serve Canadian wine?"

Anybody who answered "yes" to that one flunked. ★

Two kinds of towers

Each of these towers calls for engineering skill and experience of a high order—but as different in type as the towers themselves. We brought them together in this composite picture to emphasize the wide diversification of Dominion Bridge Company activities.

The oil refinery tower forms part of the latest type of "catalyst cracking" unit and has to withstand the most severe operating conditions. It is a product of our

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Mechanical - Warehouse

Plants at: VANCOUVER, CALGARY, WINNIPEG,
TORONTO, OTTAWA, MONTREAL.

Associate Companies at:
EDMONTON, SAULT STE. MARIE, QUEBEC, AMHERST

Illustrated at left: Fractionator Tower at the Montreal East refinery of the British American Oil Co. Ltd.

Watch Quebec's Smoke!

Continued from page 9

whose profits funnel into head offices in Canada, the U. S. or overseas; it is also cashing in on huge newly discovered natural assets and fattering some industrial mammoths of its own.

The Quebec-Labrador iron venture, which includes the building of a seaport and 360-mile railroad, ranks among the top two or three new industrial developments in the world today. Half a dozen leading Canadian and U. S. steel firms are quietly pouring \$200 millions into the iron-stained red soil of the barren Quebec-Labrador border country and the destiny of an area one quarter the size of continental U. S. is being swiftly transformed. Claims staked to date stretch over an area three times the size of Belgium. With Lake Superior's Mesabi pits scraping the bottom, Quebec's iron country promises to become the world's biggest supplier of ore.

War Clouds Speed Development

Already 400 million tons of high-grade ore have been located by drilling and test pits; no one will guess how much more there might be. Recently drillers at the Burnt Creek camp stepped out of their repair shop a few yards to test a new drill. They began drilling into the rock of their own dooryard and two feet down they struck ore that had not been known to exist. They kept on drilling. At 367 feet they stopped with their drill still biting into ore. The average analysis for that hole was 66.3% pure iron.

With war clouds looming no time is wasted in pushing the Quebec-Labrador development to the production stage. Dr. J. A. Retty, one of the men who discovered the ore in 1938 and now chief geologist behind the venture, meets you cordially, then promptly apologizes and goes back to work. He fires answers to questions without looking up from the clutter of colored maps on his desk.

"It is going to cost \$200 millions before we can get out a ton of ore . . . Work on the railroad—it's going to be longer than from Montreal to Toronto, you know—started last month . . . We'll start shipping 10 million tons a year in 1956, maybe 20 million a year later on (present Canadian production is 3½ million tons a year) . . . Most of it will be exported to U. S. steel mills . . . Some will go to Britain, some will be used in Canada . . ."

But the exciting feature of Quebec's rapidly unfolding iron story is the fact that the deposit lies just 140 miles from one of the largest undeveloped water-power sites in the world. At Grand Falls, 200 miles upstream from Goose Bay airport, the Hamilton River drops 200 feet in a five-mile series of rapids. Then, with a roar audible for 20 miles, it makes a final plunge of 302 feet (Niagara, 175 feet). Its power potential is a sizzling 1,250,000 horsepower (Ontario's four Niagara plants now turn out 930,000 horsepower).

A Metal They Whisper About

Already, before the first ton of ore has been mined, a group of Quebec mining experts and university professors looks to the day when Quebec's iron ore, instead of feeding U. S. mills, will be processed into sheet steel in Quebec's own electric smelters, and Quebec, instead of being merely the Ruhr of Canada, would become a Ruhr, a Sheffield and Pittsburgh combined.

Today the men behind Quebec's iron enterprise scoff at the idea of electric smelting, perhaps because U. S. steel producers are their biggest backers, and U. S. steel men are accustomed to using a greater tonnage of coal and coke than iron ore to produce their steel. "A wild impractical dream!" Dr. Retty calls it. But Sweden is smelting small but commercial batches of steel electrically today—with power much more expensive than Quebec's.

The visionaries—and Quebec has many—see even a greater Quebec future looming out of a metal so new that few persons today have seen it. The new metal is titanium, a word mentioned so reverently in Quebec that one man jestingly crossed himself when he said it—and was severely castigated by church officials when they heard about it.

Until recently the most useful job that scientists could find for titanium was as a titanium oxide pigment in white paint. Pure titanium metal itself was as elusive as the Loch Ness monster. Scientists could never get it out in the open to see what it was like. Four years ago a method was developed in the U. S. for extracting titanium metal from its ore. It turned out to be a wonder metal.

The newcomer to the metal family is a silvery white product as strong as steel, yet only half steel's weight. It is virtually rustproof and highly resistant to heat and corrosives.

Military tank designers have found that, in spite of its lightness, titanium resists penetration better than steel of the same thickness. On ships it needs no paint yet shows no trace of salt-water corrosion. Aviation experts foresee a 20% reduction in plane weights through the use of titanium which would more than double an aircraft's pay load of passengers or bombs. Its heat resistance makes it the perfect metal for high-heat roles such as jet motor parts.

Sorel Has the World's First

Experts say that in five to 10 years titanium will be filling many of the roles now filled by steel, and doing a better job.

Quebec is sitting on the top of the titanium scramble with the world's biggest deposit of titanium ore—a 200-million-ton mountain of it near Havre St. Pierre, on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, 420 miles below Quebec City. Unlike iron ore, which for many years will be exported

in a raw state, much of Quebec's titanium ore will be processed at home.

The first titanium smelter of its type in the world is ready to go into operation at Sorel. It won't produce the final titanium metal, for this is still being turned out only in experimental quantities of about 40 tons a year in the U. S. But Sorel's huge electric furnaces will do the first half of the job, removing the metal from the ore, and when U. S. scientists iron out the last of their kinks and titanium metal becomes a commercial product Quebec will have half the processing facilities the new industry will require.

The New York Herald Tribune's mining expert recently commented: "Because of her large deposits of raw materials and plentiful hydro-electric power, Quebec makers of titanium pigment and metal have a definite advantage over competitors elsewhere."

But developments as big as the iron and titanium ventures move slowly. They will be responsible for a drastic industrial face-lifting in the future, but the invasion of smaller industries—those hundreds of branch plants from other parts of Canada, the U. S. and Europe—is bringing more immediate returns to Quebec today.

What kind of lures are pulling them in?

Sometimes Power Is Free

Queen of them all is electric power. The rivers which tumble off the Laurentians into the St. Lawrence River contain in their white water one third the potential hydro power of Canada. Quebec is already producing more electricity than the rest of Canada combined—yet its available power is still little more than one third harnessed. Of 19 Canadian hydro plants producing over 150,000 horsepower, 13 are in Quebec, five in Ontario and one in Manitoba. In an age in which most new industry is being harnessed to electricity, water power is becoming to Quebec what coal was to the industrially expanding England and Pennsylvania of a century ago.

Power in Quebec is so cheap that authorities can afford under some circumstances to offer big lumps of it to industries free. In the large central area served by the Shawinigan Water and Power Company it costs .33 of a cent per kilowatt hour and the average for the province is .36 of a cent per kWh. Quebec's closest competitor anywhere in the world is Ontario where power costs an average of .58 of a cent per kWh. Other provinces and U. S. states: Manitoba, .63; Washington, .74 (lowest U. S. rate); Tennessee, .79; Oregon, Alabama and Montana, 1; British Columbia, 1.01; and so on up the scale to a rate of around four cents per kilowatt hour in Florida and the Dakotas.

Recently an abrasive firm from Worcester, Mass., was looking over sites in Quebec for a Canadian branch plant. Executives produced one

CANADIAN ECDOOTE



HOW WOLFE GOT THE INSIDE DOPE

ABEDRAGGLED wanderer staggered out of the bush at Fort Niagara one day in 1757 with an urgent message for the French governor. The British were planning an attack, he said. He, Pierre le Lande, a fur trader from Louisbourg, had been captured on his way to the Ohio, but had managed to escape with the big news.

Le Lande was rushed to Quebec, where he told his story to Governor Vaudreuil and General Montcalm. His story and his accent were so convincing no one had the slightest idea that he was really Patrick MacKellar, a British spy.

He became a guest of the governor. Alone in his room in Chateau St. Louis he gave his wig a tug and pulled out an old map of Quebec. His assignment was to bring it up to date and to learn Quebec's military secrets.

MacKellar was witty, socially skilled, and very popular with

women. As he walked about the town he paced off the distances between gun positions. He watched the christening of vessels intended for fire ships in case of a British attack by sea.

On May 1 the governor gave a ball. When the charming Le Lande failed to appear a servant was sent to look for him. In a moment the man returned to report that Le Lande was slumped over his desk. Hurriedly the governor went to investigate. The figure at the desk was a dummy of pillows.

MacKellar slipped out of the city and joined a band of Iroquois who took him to Boston. A sloop put out at once for England and on the voyage MacKellar prepared his map and report for the British War Office. When Wolfe fell at Quebec he had MacKellar's map in his hands.

The map and the spy's report are now lodged in the Ottawa Archives. Ethel Kidd.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotest, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

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WIT AND WISDOM

Ground For Dispute — While walking on land belonging to the Earl of Derby a collier chanced to meet the owner. His lordship enquired whether the collier knew he was walking on his land. "Thy land? Well, I've got no land myself," was the reply, "and I'm like to walk on somebody's. Wheer did tha' get it from?" "Oh," explained his lordship, "I got it from my ancestors." "And wheer did they get it from?" queried the collier. "From their ancestors," was the reply. "And wheer did they ancestors get it from?" "They fought for it." "Well," said the collier, squaring up, "I'll fight thee for it." — *Halifax Maritime Merchant*.

Shaving Overhead — When a Scottish barber was engaging a new assistant he pointed out:

"I pay lower wages in the summer because the work's lighter."

"But surely people get their hair cut quite as often, if not oftener, in the summer than in the winter?" protested the applicant. "Ay," agreed the barber, "but you dinna ha'e to help them on wi' their overcoat." — *Moose Jaw Times-Herald*.

Don't Push — A good little girl was hurrying to school in a state of extreme agitation.

"Please, God, don't let me be late,"

she murmured as the school bell began to ring in the distance.

At that moment she tripped over a stone and fell flat.

"Please, God," she exclaimed in an injured voice as she got up and dusted herself, "I didn't say 'push'!" — *Montreal Star*.

I Remember Dopey — It isn't true that optimists are more popular than pessimists. Ask 10 persons to name the seven dwarfs and eight of them will remember Grumpy and only two of them can recall Happy. — *Kitchener Waterloo Record*.

Which Third? — A store in Toronto has one of those bare-shoulder garments in the window—the kind that excite wonder as to how they stay up. Ticket on it says "One-Third Off." — *Toronto Star*.

As You Leica — In the old days very few people carried cameras, says an advertisement. It is easy to understand that after seeing pictures of the kind of bathing suits the girls wore in those days. — *Timmins Daily Press*.

Mistress of the Bluff — Women have more courage than men. Can you imagine a man with 50 cents in his pocket trying on seven new suits? — *Victoria Colonist*.

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

Maclean's Magazine, February 1, 1951

month's hydro bill for their Worcester plant and asked Quebec authorities what the same amount of power would cost in Quebec. The Worcester bill was \$2,115. The corresponding bill in Quebec would have been \$1,114.

Another abrasive firm from Buffalo had purchased land in the Niagara area, planning eventually to expand to Canada. Two years ago it became necessary to expand at once or lose markets. Ontario couldn't provide the heavy block of power needed. Expansion was also impossible in New York State. Though executives were anxious to keep their branch plant near Buffalo, they finally located it at Cap de la Madeleine, Que.

Those Clever Quebec Fingers

To cheap power add cheap labor. Average weekly wage in Quebec for June, 1950, was \$42.54; in Ontario \$46.37. During the same month individual cities ranked as follows: Windsor, \$54.24; Hamilton, \$49.50; Toronto, \$45.98; Vancouver, \$45.40; Montreal, \$42.96; Quebec City, \$37.29.

Stability and high productivity of Quebec's labor are also potent factors in the attraction of industry to Quebec. Valmore Gratton told me: "Quebec's larger families promote labor stability. Strikes, absenteeism and job-changing are less frequent because the man with a large family can't afford to go into debt. Quebec has many church-supported unions of its own, too, which means the bigger national and international unions are less strongly established here."

And Quebec's famed handicrafts are paying off now in higher per capita output in many industrial processes which demand manual dexterity. For generations Quebec sons have designed and made their own home furnishings, daughters have produced hand-woven rugs and curtains. Seventy-five per cent of Canada's textile industry is located in Quebec solely because the dexterity of Quebec workers assures greater production and greater profits.

During the war a firm from Boston located at Three Rivers to produce small shells. Much of the production process had to be performed by hand and a foreman was sent from Boston to train workers. He told them it would take a year to develop skills and have the plant up to full production.

Man for man, Quebec workers were producing more than experienced Bostonians in two months.

Another attraction piling many new industries into Quebec is the province's cultural ties with continental Europe. European executives, seeking branch sites in North America, find a language, customs and a general atmosphere similar to those with which they are familiar.

In 1950 a Swiss official of Europe's largest electrical firm traveled through Canada and the U. S., examining sites for the firm's first American plant. After several months he reached Montreal last November. Within a week he had chosen a site at St. John, 25 miles south of Montreal. "When I reached Quebec," he explained, "for the first time in months I felt at home."

There have been indications in the past that some members of the Roman Catholic clergy have opposed the inroads of industrialization and the possible effect of it upon their flocks. But today some parish priests have acted as part-time industrial commissioners in welcoming new plants to their district.

The Priest Was a Go-getter

One U. S. industrialist had been warned in Ontario of the alleged interferences of Quebec clergy in industrial affairs. He became curious and made a special trip to Quebec to find out.

He went to a small town near Montreal, looked up the priest and asked him bluntly what his attitude would be if the U. S. firm took steps to establish a branch plant there. The priest gave him such a sales talk on the town's industrial advantages that the industrialist later came back and built his plant. ★

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By—Miller (Page 2), Malak (7), Shawinigan Water & Power Co. (8), National Film Board (9), Paul Rocket-Panda (10, 11), Montabone (10), Bryce (11), Moore Studio (11), National Defense (12, 13), Arfay (13), Ken Bell (14, 15), Miller (17), Peter Croyden (21), Telegram (21), Turowsky (22), Gilbert A. Milne (22), National Defense (29).

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

CRISIS—1951 . . . A WORLD REPORT

Four global articles on the greatest crisis of our times.

RUSSIA

Major Nicholas Ignatieff, son of a Russian count, who served in the British War Office in World War II, warns that we may be making the same mistakes about the Russians as the Germans did.

ASIA

Blair Fraser, back from a world tour, tells why the West has lost the confidence of the Asiatics and what we must do to woo our Eastern friends.

EUROPE

Will Western culture stand or fall on the Continent? What's the mood of Western Europe today? A full report from the fringe of the Curtain.

CANADA

The world crisis is also a personal crisis for most Canadians. Pierre Berton tells of the special crisis in the life of Lt.-Col. J. Dextraze, who quit a high-paid job to join the Special Forces.

In Maclean's Feb. 15 On Sale Feb. 9

Watch the Birdie!

A MACLEAN'S QUIZ BY GORDON DUSTAN

YOU can be an armchair bird watcher without any effort (except mental)—just identify these feathered friends of song, saw and story from the definitions below. Ten is worth crowing about and 13 should make you proud as a peacock.

If you really want to make it tough for yourself, then go on and match the bird profiles against the definitions. Seven is good shooting in this high-flying league.

1. Around-the-neck Nemesis.....
2. Imprisoned in pastry.....
3. Sea-going cat's companion.....
4. Amphibious gold mine, with feathers.
5. Horologic inhabitant.....
6. Toxophilitic assassin.....
7. Bearer of beatific bundles.....
8. One makes neither a summer nor a sot.....
9. Nipponese suicide, with melodious echoes.....
10. Laconic midnight visitor.....
11. One good one deserves another.....
12. Original olive branch bearer.....
13. Victim of number 6, above.....
14. Nautical and terrible-tempered Hollywoodian.
15. Wagnerian outboard motor.....

Answers on Page 50



The Real Secret of SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE

Advice on how to be happily married was never so freely available as it is today.

Marriage problems are openly discussed in newspaper columns and on the radio. Marriage advice is available from the man next door, who speaks from experience...and from the psychologist, whose views come from study and research. There is no topic...from etiquette to fidelity...on which advice and counsel are not available.

Yet with all this marriage education, the modern divorce rate continues at an appalling high!

This condition obviously is not due to ignorance of the so-called "facts of life." It cannot be attributed to economic problems, for good times have been repeatedly marked by a high divorce rate. Nor can it be blamed on the excuse of personal "incompatibility," which so often appears in divorce petitions.

These and other practical problems undoubtedly contribute to marriage conflicts. But the basic, fundamental cause of marriage failures goes deeper. It is the failure of many people to realize the true meaning of marriage...to recognize that it is a life-long union of a man and a woman...to see that its main purpose is the begetting and rearing of children.

In Catholic eyes, marriage is, first of all, a contract which...as with all contracts...must be governed by justice. A purely sentimental and physical attraction between a man and a woman, which is not permeated by a sense of duty to each other and to God, is not the love upon which enduring homes are built.

But the Catholic Church teaches that marriage must be what God meant it to be...and He made it not only a contract—but a Sacrament.

When the marriage of a man and



woman is a Sacrament, they receive title to all the divine helps necessary to overcome the disappointments and difficulties of domestic life. They are thus better able to overcome personality differences...better able to deal justly with each other...better able to understand the many practical problems of living together.

Marriage is not a strictly private affair. It is the concern of the whole community. It is the special concern of the Church, which is charged with safeguarding this Sacrament. That is why the Catholic Church strives to impress the true nature of marriage upon all who hear her voice.



Free

Whether you are already married...or just thinking about it...you will be helped by a pamphlet we will send you explaining the true nature of marriage and the blessings that come from a proper understanding of the married state. Write today for your free copy. Ask for Pamphlet No. MM-19.

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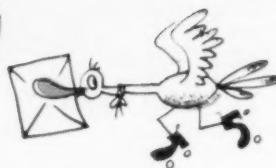
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MAILBAG



They're Rocking the Acadian Cradle

I wish to register a protest against Ian Sclanders' article "They're Winning Back Acadia" (Dec. 15). I protest against it both as a historian and as a Canadian . . . it is untimely, controversial, and full of doubtful statements.

The deportation was unfortunate, and in some ways badly executed, but it does not do to read 20th-century ideas into 18th-century colonial conflicts. Mr. Sclanders would do well to read the documents in the Nova Scotia Archives and to study the impartial analysis of the events of 1755 in J. Bartlett Hrebner's "New England's Outpost."

Far worse than the bad history and the failure to take into consideration the disturbed situation of 1755 is the statement that the Acadian French are planning a revenge of the cradles. On whose authority does he make such a statement? If such a plan actually exists, who is promoting it, and to what end? What is to happen to the other racial groups now in the Maritime Provinces? In stating his thesis, does the author observe the French emigration from Quebec to New Brunswick and Ontario?

It is one thing to observe that the French-Canadian families are generally larger than those of the other Canadians and that increase in population leads to expansion of territory—but it is quite a different thing, and a great strain on Canadian unity, to suggest that any racial group has deliberate plans to take over this or that province,

by means of the cradle or otherwise.—R. S. Longley, Department of History, Acadian University, Wolfville, N.S.

• I think it a fine article and the writer and Maclean's deserve to be commended. It will go a long way toward helping the Acadian people in the hard but Christian task of forgetting what the article brands—and rightly so with the majority of even English historians—as a "sorry chapter in history."—Patrice Le Blanc, S.S.R., Moncton, N.B.

• I would like the author to read "Historic Nova Scotia" to get the facts. The Acadians at the time were similar to the Communists here, enjoying the freedom and protection of the country while undoubtedly trying to destroy it.—J. B. Goodwin, Toronto.

• The sentimental poem "Evangeline," by Longfellow, was written about a century after the expulsion . . . it is traditionally American sentimentalism, lacking historical background.—J. J. Brophy, Yarmouth, N.S.

• I am disappointed and deeply concerned at the anti-British bias you seem to be encouraging.—L. Bell, Montreal.

A Rhyme for Reeve

In reference to T. Reeve's rugby football selections ("Maclean's All-Canadian," Dec. 1):

No Dekdebrun could make the team,
No Hirsch could rate a spot.
No Curtis here, and so I fear
Old Ted is going to pot.

No Toogood, Smylies, Kerns or Black,
No Nick the Kick, no Scott,
No room for Shanty, Krol or Stretch,
Twould seem a ghastly plot.

So I suggest we change the name
From ALL-CANADIANS
To something more appropriate
Like REEVER'S ALL-SO-RANS.

—J. Redmond, Toronto.

• After the final East-West game I would say Argonauts are the All-Star team.

I regard Teddy Reeve as one of the greatest rugby and lacrosse players I ever saw. However, as a selector he is only fair.—Robert Noble, Bowmanville, Ont.

Tory Toilet Tissue Too

Re: Socialization Note, "Backstage in China" (Dec. 15). Not that I am wholly in favor of all the British Labor Party's moves but Blair Fraser is mistaken if he believes this is one of them. The Royal Navy was issued toilet tissue with "Government Property" stamped on the smooth side of each sheet all during the war when the Conservatives were in power.—J. Maher, HMCS Shearwater, Dartmouth, N.S.

Maclean's Magazine, February 1, 1951

Solicitors and Clients

The following paragraph, to which I take serious objection, appears on page 44 of the Dec. 15 issue: "Bill Flannery, a North Bay lawyer who until his death a few weeks ago acted as Dionne's legal adviser, had his own formula for getting along with Olivia. 'Put him on the back,' he used to say. 'Never step on his toes.'"

I consider this an unwarranted slur on my late husband's professional reputation. Mr. Flannery observed meticulously the rules that govern the confidential relationship between solicitor and client. He definitely was not given to making derogatory or disparaging remarks about any of his clients.—Mrs. W. M. Flannery, North Bay, Ont.

No slur intended.

Let's Laugh

We all enjoy the magazine very much but for my special benefit will you please find some cheerful articles or stories during the winter and perhaps some cheerful jokes? Mrs. S. B. Saunders, Sherbrooke, Que.

And the Bulge Was Algie

You're worse than the soap operas if they leave a man hanging to a tree one day, they'll certainly come back and cut him down the next. But you! In the article, "Never Get Friendly with a Friendly Bear" (Dec. 1), you tell of a fisherman putting down his



canoe during a portage and turning to find, not his pal, but a bear which had replaced him.

For goodness sake, tell us! What happened to the other man?—E. M. MacKinnon, Vankleek Hill, Ont.

That's what the fisherman asked the bear. See Cartoonist Feyer's theory.

Baby Face and Bingo

Along with Mrs. Beale (Mailbag, Nov. 15) I felt that I had been cheated out of several pages of what should have been good reading by your printing of "Don't Call Me Baby Face."—C. E. J., Toronto.

• Let us have some more features like "Baby Face," in spite of what Mrs. Beale writes. I'll bet if she has any boys they are a bunch of sissies . . . Let the old ladies go play bingo.—Mas. Willmot, Uxbridge, Ont.

• Does Mrs. Beale think Maclean's is written especially for her? I think more of Canada's athletes (past and present) should receive more publicity, as most of us here in Canada can tell you more about American athletes than we can about our own.—Rainie McKinnon, The Pas, Man.

• Kind of a let-down to me.—Mrs. Maude Werghman, Lachine, Que.

• I think it's great.—Andy Telfer, Gilbert Plains, Man.

• Every man who ever wore a uniform would sure enjoy those chapters. Boxing is a clean sport. Would like to shake hands with Jimmy and Pop.—H. J. Reid, Big Valley, Alta.

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Memories of Sir Matthew

In the Nov. 15 issue the article "The Hanging Judge was a Softy," by Bruce Hutchison, interested me very much as I had the pleasure of knowing Judge Begbie. I arrived in Victoria in the spring of 1889 and joined the choir of St. John's Anglican Church, of which Sir Matthew was choirmaster.

I would like to take exception to the portion of the article where Hutchison says, "He sang in the choir of the Church of England in his high obnoxious voice." This is entirely incorrect as his voice was a real bass and reminded one of the diapason of an organ.—E. O. Atkinson, Penticton, B.C.

Ministerial Mix-Up

In the article "Corn," by Robert Thomas Allen (Dec. 1): Allen falsely attributes to me words I never used . . . said to have appeared in the Ottawa Journal. I stand by every word I wrote at the time referred to but I refuse to be pilloried for words I did not use.—Rev. Stuart Ivison, Ottawa.

Allen's error. The words he quoted (criticism of the Rawhide radio show)

were from the *Journal* all right, but were written by a different reverend.

King's and Christian's English

I have just read with pleasure the winning story in your fiction contest, "Mail," by J. N. Harris (Dec. 15). As a contestant, may I offer my congratulations to Mr. Harris? My only criticism is his use of the "King's English." Surely it is not necessary to use language that is offensive to a Christian to get the story across? —Thomas Gordon Dishman, Toronto.

- I must say I did not get very interested in the story. I sent a story in to the contest and I feel very sure if my story was published and the readers of Maclean's were given the opportunity of deciding for themselves which story they like the best, you would probably find that the judges had made a mistake.—H. Bass, Toronto.

- "The Terrible Secret of M. Laroche," by Louis Arthur Cunningham (Nov. 1), was one of the best short stories ever to appear. More from this clever and brilliant writer.—M. Crisford, Victoria.

- Give us more of that excellent fiction.—Stan McKinnon, Cloverdale, B.C.



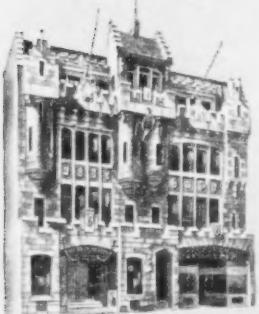
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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

A PARADE scout on the Toronto University campus reports that the most popular course on the campus this semester is English 1 (b), which, according to page



157 of the varsity arts calendar, includes study of Shakespeare's "Anatomy and Cleopatra."

When a woman in Courtenay, B.C., brought her new car back to the dealer with the complaint that she was getting only 12 miles to the gallon the service men checked everything they could think of without finding an explanation. Then one mechanic suggested the woman take him out for a spin as a sort of test run, and he spotted the trouble before they'd rolled off the lot. First thing she did when she started the car was pull the choke way out and hang her purse on it.

You'll recall that the passage across Canada of the 14 nude Doukhobor women in a CPR tourist coach from B.C. to Portsmouth Penitentiary at Kingston was faithfully reported by journalistic peeping toms in every main centre—strictly in the line of duty, of course. Well, we've just received our first intelligence from a passenger who happened to be aboard the same train, a Moose Jaw woman on a trip east with her four-year-old son. The boy was sick most of the trip and she finally got him off the train at Chapleau, Ont., for a bit of fresh air by promising to show him the big engine up front. Johnny never got close to the engine, though, because the polite CPR policeman wouldn't let them pass the special Doukhobor coach. "Too embarrassing for women," he warned, as he waved the mother aside to permit male passengers to continue their constitutional.

• • •

A resident of Port Credit, Ont., has checked in with an illuminating bit of teen-age conversation, overheard while passing a crowded schoolyard. "Oh, I've been shaving for two years now," one lad declared nonchalantly. "Cut myself both times, too."

In the Calgary Herald: "Gentleman, 36, French Canadian, healthy and strong, bush worker and farm experience. Like to meet widow needing good man to work farm. Can pick up 250 lbs. with teeth from ground and walk. Also pick up big 800 lbs. of rock and pull in wagon. Strongest man in Canada. Object matrimony if suited."

• • •

There's a family of four small children living in a pioneer homesite in the bush country of northern Saskatchewan whose father has been working so far from home that they see him only week ends. Mother is often out of the house for long stretches, too, rounding up roaming milk cows, etc., so that the youngsters are left largely on their own. A neighbor recently encountered a strange cavalcade on the narrow bush trail nearby. The oldest boy, 6, held the hand of his four-year-old brother and he in turn clung to the two-year-old sister. With his free hand the six-year-old hauled a homemade, wooden-wheeled cart in which was bundled the youngest tike, aged six months.

The trekkers didn't even pause as the neighbor queried, "Where you kids going?" but the eldest threw back, grimly, "We're leavin' this damn country."

The night duty policeman in Listowel, Ont., found an open lock when he tried the door of one store the other night. Flashing his light about inside he noticed nothing untoward until he stuck his head into the boss' private office where he was disturbed to find desk drawers gaping, papers strewn all over the floor and a picture on the wall knocked cockeyed. A hasty phone call brought the pro-

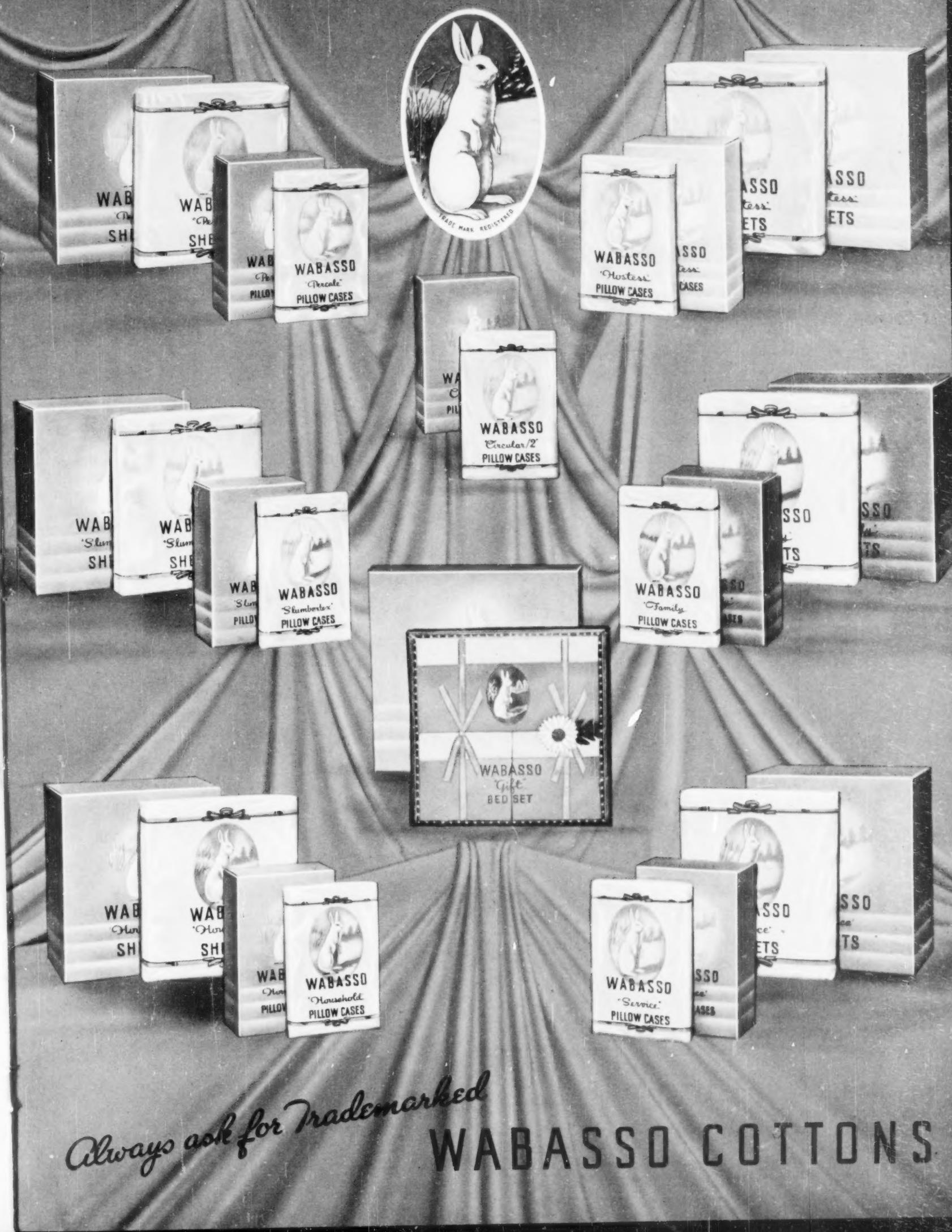


prietor stumbling into the place a few minutes later, half dressed and out of breath, and as he reached his own cubicle he demanded incredulously, "What's all the fuss about—place is exactly as I left it."

• • •

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